The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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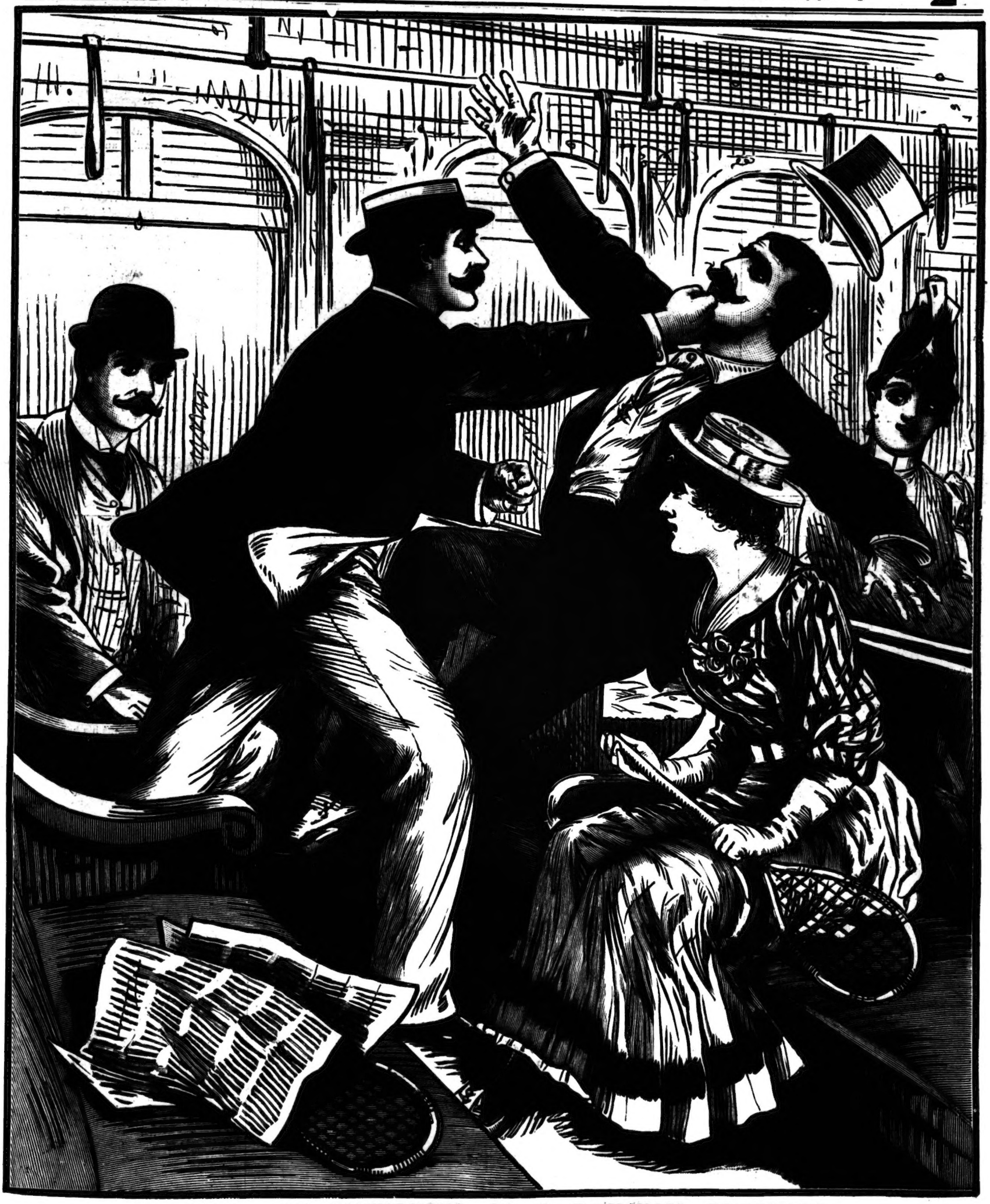

A CASE OF FISTICUFFS IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

An Impudent Traveller Gets a Thrashing.

The Mirror of Life

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. C. HILL.—A. A. Chase covered on that occasion 33 miles 712yd.

D. NORMAN.—Jem Burge (the Iron Man) not Dick Burge.

H. J.—1. Spot barred. 2. No.

R. M. H.—1. Lost on points in twenty rounds. 2. At the National Sporting Club.

T. COBB.—He returned to America last autumn.

F. PEAKE.—Wait an opportunity and enter a novices' competition at the weight.

G. ROPER.—Performed by Sandow and stands to his record.

THOS. STRUTT.—A wins and B is entitled to the ten shillings only.

D. G. S.—Star Pointer, the American pacer.

C. W. ELLIS.—1. The match was made at 8st 4lb. 2. Just a trifle under, about 1lb.

H. J. WALTERS.—He did not issue any colours on the last occasion.

T. YOUNG.—From Putney to Mortlake.

W. PALMER.—1. Peter Jackson has met Jem Jeffries. 2. Lost.

C. COOPER.—The referee, Wyatt Earp, gave a wrong decision purposely.

F. N.—The portrait and record will be published shortly.

H. FORD.—They box for points, but if one gets knocked out he loses by not being in a position to resume in the 10 seconds allowed to regain his feet.

S. P.—1. The last day is the Monday before the Derby. 2. October.

T. HOLMES.—A singlet, with short drawers to the knees.

H. KEYLOCK.—Stamford Bridge running grounds.

W. LLOYD.—1. Yes; a match has been won by a single blow. Jack Everhardt beat Tom Moriarity. 2. The time from leaving their seats until the finish was 12sec.

E. TALBOT.—He was disqualified.

CONSTANT READER (Glasgow).—Take your exercise when you rise in the morning, or in the off time for your meals.

M. T. WOLSEY (Botesdale).—We confounded the two men Denny Gallacher, the wrestler, with Mr. Gallacher, the journalist. The latter has been dead some time, but we know nothing of the whereabouts of the former.

S. MOORES (Southport).—Group will be published in THE MIRROR OF LIFE, July 11.

ALEXANDER NICHOLL.—There is no legitimate championship belt for modern boxing. The real pugilistic championship belt is now in possession of Jem Mace. Mace won this from Tom Allen at New Orleans in the early seventies.

C. OAKFORD.—1. He lost in eleven rounds. 2. Coloured.

E. X. T.—E. Hanlan held the championship for six years.

P. P.—1. Ordinary skittles. 2. He did not employ any assistance in sticking up. 3. Yes.

T. WISDOM.—Harry Hutchens won from scratch in 1891.

A. BEST.—Tom Burrows performed his long distance club swinging at the National Sporting Club.

R. WEBBER.—1. They fought under the London rules. 2. No covering for the hands of any kind.

P. W.—It was so stipulated in the articles. If you cannot appeal or stop payment.

W. HOARE.—Bendigo.

(Several Answers crowded out).

STAR ARTISTS AND STAR PRICES.

FITZSIMMONS AND JEM JEFFRIES, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF RED-HEADED PUGILISTS AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM.

THE DARKEY DIXON OF THE THEN AND NOW.

ONE thousand dollars a round for boxing three minutes is not bad money, but some of our present champions view this amount with scorn. A thousand dollars is £200, and this once upon a time was champion heavy-weight stakes, when giants fought long and bloody battles in the Prize Ring, the verdict often going to the man who could just stagger to the scratch at the call of "Time," both men being so done up that it was only by a sheer effort of will that one of the fighters was able to respond. This was the case when Gully and Gregson fought the first of their two famous battles. Gully was just able to respond to the call of time by toeing the scratch, and then this Hercules of the Prize Ring fainted. Prices paid for modern boxing efforts have gone so high that there will surely be a slump. A short time since McCoy and Tommy Ryan were paid six thousand dollars for six rounds. This price we thought a bit steep; but Fitzsimmons has just refused a purse of seven thousand five hundred dollars to box Tom Sharkey in Chicago. "Lanky Bob" scorns the offer. "I am the only Fitzsimmons," said the red-headed one, "and the biggest drawing middle-weight card in the world. If two middle-weights miles below my status receive six thousand dollars for a six rounds go, surely I am worth half as much again!" There is nothing like putting a high valuation on your services in this present age. A man is taken now at his own valuation, and it is quite on the cards that he has but to name his own figure in order to obtain it—enormous as it may be. Operatic stars and pugilistic stars in America at the present time run each other, as regards prices, very closely.

This week articles of agreement will be drawn up between Jem Jeffries and Fitzsimmons. When Fitzsimmons in the long ago condescended to fight Jem Jeffries, Fitz was the bright particular star of the engagement. Consequently Fitz demanded and received 65 per cent. of the purse money, win or lose. Fitzsimmons having been deposed from his high position of champion, which he assumed after defeating Jem Corbett, it is now for Jem Jeffries, his conqueror, to make terms, and Jeffries in his turn now demands 65 per cent. of the purse, win or lose. Fitz is so anxious to meet the ex boiler-maker that he has acceded to Jeff's terms, and the match has been ratified accordingly. Keeping lion cubs is rather an expensive hobby, as Fitz has found to his cost. Bob Fitzsimmons has paid dearly for his love of animals. Quite apart from the fact that his menagerie has proved a failure, Fitz has had to put up 1,000dols for his fight with Gus Ruhlin, which was to have come off on the 15th of the present month. This, it was said, was rendered necessary by the condition of Fitz's left hand, which was not only injured by pounding the gigantic Dunkhurst into a senseless condition, but he was bitten by the pet lion Nero, and an abscess formed in the hand. Fitz's doctor has, however, pronounced the hand of Fitz to be all right as far as its punching power is concerned. It is rather funny that the ex-champion should fall a victim to the assaults of an animal from which he expected such great things as far as protection was concerned. Not that we think Fitzsimmons is afraid of anything breathing; indeed, Fitz is the wrong colour to be afraid. We have known and read about a few ginger-headed men in the Prize Ring, and they were all the gamest of the game. Jack Jones, of Portsmouth, who met his death at the hands of Mike Madden, was too hot-headed and courageous, and died taking his gruel. Another ginger-headed one who met with a tragic death was the famous Hickman, "the Terrible Gas," whose "whisker-blow," similar to our present knock-out blow, was the terror of the fancy. Hickman, when driving from a fight with his backer, Mr. Rowe, was thrown out of a gig, the wheels of a heavily-laden waggon passing over the unfortunate pugilist's head, and smashing it as though it was an eggshell. Tom Shelton was a sandy-haired navigator, who first hung himself to a lamppost (ineffectually) and afterwards took poison. Red and sandy-haired pugilists and boxers have been most unfortunate on the turf and on the sawdust, but they have always proved game. "Sandy" Mackay was a sandy-haired Scotchman, and when Simon Byrne, the Irishman, who was the cause of his death, put up at the Mischief in Oxford Street, or, strictly speaking, the Man Loaded with Mischief then kept by Jem Ward, the ex-champion of England, Mrs. Ward had a dream which foretold the fatal occurrence. Said Mrs. Ward to Jem prior to leaving the house for the field of battle, "Don't you bring any dead men home here." Were it fashionable to set about each other with knuckles in the present day instead of hands padded with horsehair or wool we should be afraid of another red-headed pugilist meeting his death in the Prize Ring. Fitz is so game that, like the typical Briton, he does not know when he is beaten; and the big grisly "bunch of fives" of the ex-boiler-maker might add another to the list of the many fair-haired prizefighters who have died on the field of battle rather than surrender. One thing buoys up Fitzsimmons. Says the "red-headed one": "If I defeated Jem Corbett in fourteen rounds when he was so much younger, and it took Jem Jeffries twenty-five rounds to defeat him, and Corbett was having all the best of the contest up to twenty rounds, I consider I have a grand chance. I am sure I shall be again champion of the world, and when I am I mean to keep it."

For nearly thirteen years the little black champion, George Dixon, has been a boxing pugilistic phenomenon. It is twelve years since he made his appearance in these islands and took down the number of our then thought unbeatable 8st champion, "Nunc" Wallace. Dixon could well box under 8st in these days. We should think no one would have backed "Nunc" Wallace for a stiver at the time had they known how the once formidable 8st champion took his breathings. Too much luxury enervated Rome, and caused it to become the prey of the Goths and Vandals, and too much luxury enervated Nunc Wallace and caused him to become the prey of a man of colour. Wallace was backed by a millionaire, and put in the hands of old Ben Garrington, whose age prevented his following his charge and doing as ordinary conscientious trainers are bound to do (we notice an appeal for this time-honoured member of a defunct institution, and his age is given as bordering on three score and ten). "Nunc" virtually did as he liked, and eschewing the ordinary wholesome fare of chops, steaks and cut from joint, lived like a sybarite, taking on plovers' eggs and luxuries worthy of the Roman Emperor Heliogabalus. George Dixon was a little black boy, then innocent of fast life, and living like a hermit on fruits and water, with an occasional sop in the pan in the shape of a cake for being a good boy, and doing all that Massa Tom O'Rourke required. The black boy of the long ago has lived since then, hung to his girdle a string of scalps worthy of the King of the Cannibal Islands; and after making a rattling fight with a rising star (Terry McGovern) retired from the ring, defeated but not disgraced, to take on hotel business, at which we heard the Black Pearl or Diamond, or whatever else Dixon has been called, was prospering. Judge then our surprise when we read that Dixon had made a reappearance in that arena which most persons fondly hoped (having so ably acquitted himself) he (Dixon) had left for ever. If Dixon thought of meeting a mug on whom to build a fresh reputation, he was grievously disappointed. The youngster on whom Dixon tried his veteran hand proved as good as ever the black man was in his best days, and out-fought the hero of 300 battles at all points. The mug neutralised Dixon's blows by in-fighting of a most astonishing and novel kind, and when it came to out-fighting the mug was decidedly Dixon's superior. George Dixon had done enough in all conscience to establish a record as the best black boy of his weight who ever took the floor of the squared circle in the annals of modern boxing. Dixon should have been content with his glorious record, and remembered that seeing the lights out in an American bar is not the best training to meet the new order of boxing. There are very few men—if we except "Hen" Pearce, the Game Chicken—whose ring records fill the pages of "Fistiana" who left the pugilistic arena undefeated, but the greatest honour, considering the battles in which he took part, belongs to a black man—no less a personage than Jem Wharton, the "Morocco Prince." No man was more sensitive on the score of colour than "Young Molineaux," as Jem Wharton was also termed, and when matched with Harry Preston, the pride of Birmingham, and hearing what that bruiser should say in an offensive manner about his colour, the recollection of the insult so rankled in his mind that on the morning of the fight he cut Master Harry Preston into ribbons, and ended the contest by throwing that doughty warrior on his head and nearly breaking his neck. While on the subject of George Dixon's last fight we might write of the doings of the men of colour who have done great things in the Prize Ring; but we cannot avoid writing that Jem Wharton was the most gentlemanly and accomplished pugilist of them all.

BIG BEN BUTLER WAS ONE TOO MANY FOR THE WHITECAPS.

Their Midnight Visit to the Sturdy Miller Met With Disaster.

(Subject of Illustration.)

BEN BUTLER stood six feet four inches in his stockings, and was broad in proportion. This, combined with great strength, rendered him a somewhat troublesome enemy. A self-constituted body of citizens, who, according to their creed, kept watch over the public morals, and styled themselves the Whitecaps, redressed grievances by paying a midnight visit to the lawbreakers, whom they punished as they thought they deserved. Ben Butler fell under their displeasure, so to chastise the big miller they called their numbers together to pay him a visit. Butler was no ordinary mortal, and when confronted with the Whitecaps he seized a heavy flail and fell upon them with no mercy. First one and then another fell before his strokes, while the remainder took to flight, leaving Big Ben in possession of the field of battle.

TWO LADIES AND THEIR DETRACTOR.

A Pretty Warm Time for a Scandalmonger

(Subject of Illustration.)

HE was a fashionable swell, and belonged to the tennis and golf club, and the tongue of scandal had connected his name with that of two ladies, also members, and under the impression that he was the offender, they waited for him. On his approach the ladies, with parasols as weapons of chastisement, began to belabour their detractor. No one attempted to interfere, so, in spite of the undignified position of having to beat a retreat, the club swell took to his heels to escape hard knocks, minus his hat.

OUR LETTER BOX.

LETTERS are lying at our office for:—

Frank Gess.
"Dido" Plumb.
Bobby Dobbs (coloured, of America).
Frank Leon (two).
Frank Kempton (late of South Africa).
Teddy Wilson.
Mr. Ecclestone ("Jolly Jumbo").
Sam Fitzpatrick (of America).
Alf Ball.
Billy Ross.
Harry Kennedy.
Tommy Hogan (of America).
Alec Hurley (comedian).
J. Corbett.
Ted Wakeham.
"Greek" George.
Ernie Greaves.
George Slark.
Jem Holloway, of South Africa.
P. Gorman.
P. J. King.
R. H. Page.
Charles Mitchell (English champion boxer).
Billy Plimmer.
Driver Pincher.
H. Chance Newton.
Robert Fitzsimmons (three).
George Fox Giles.
Claude Thompson.
C. McCoy.
John F. White.
Professor H. Houldsworth.
Jem Hall.
Mrs. Joe Falleck.

AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

New York, June 16, 1900.

Editor, The Mirror of Life, London.

Tom Sharkey and Bob Fitzsimmons presented a novel sight on Broadway yesterday afternoon. They strolled into the Delaven House about three o'clock and drank to each other's health. Fitz had his left hand swathed in bandages. Naturally, the fact that the men were together soon got abroad, and they were quickly surrounded by friends. The ex-sailor asked Bob how he felt, and when the latter replied "bully," Sharkey seemed apparently relieved. "I notice you have had a good deal of hard luck lately," said Sharkey. "Yes," replied Fitz, good-naturedly, "I've had enough to make a dozen men quit. But that is fate, you know, and it is no use to grumble." "Is your hand getting better, and when do you expect to fight again?" Tom inquired. Fitz answered that he had hoped to be able to put on the gloves pretty soon, but could not say when. He thought it quite likely that he would be able to step into the ring about August, not before then. "Will you promise me a match as soon as you are ready to scrap again?" Sharkey asked. Fitz replied that he was always prepared to meet any one, but thought that Ruhlin or Jeffries should receive the preference. "If, however," continued Bob, "you whip Ruhlin and Jeffries does not face me, I'll certainly give you the first crack." Here the conversation turned to other topics, and then the pair parted. Just as Fitz reached the door he was met by Gus Ruhlin, who cordially greeted the Cornishman. Fitz afterwards said: "I am glad to be able to say that the public has nobly stood by me during my period of hard luck, and I am thankful for it. Every one who knows me has extended their sympathy to me, and it makes me forget things. I have received various talismans from admirers all over the country, and even telegrams. Some have sent to me rabbits' feet and other charms to keep the hoodoo away. I trust they will have beneficial effects." A new wrinkle in the fighting game was developed at the Hercules A.C. last night during the combat between Jack Downey, of Brooklyn, and Billy Moore, of Syracuse. After the pair had fought four hard rounds, Downey suddenly leaped from his chair and began dancing all over the stage and yelling fiercely. "Oh, my eyes," he cried. The spectators did not know what to make of Downey's strange actions and became interested. Downey's handlers dragged him to his chair. The police filled the ring, and in a little while order was restored. When everything was quiet it was explained that one of Downey's seconds had applied ammonia to the fighter's eyes, nearly blinding them. Of course, this lost him the fight. His friends, especially those who backed him, did not like the sudden termination of the encounter and hissed. It was quite likely, however, that Downey would have been whipped, for up to the time the battle ended he had received a hard trouncing. Joe Ward was referee. The preliminary bout was between Alex Dunsheath or Passiac, and Jack Halliday of this city. They met for ten rounds at 110lb. Halliday won. Tony Moran, of this city, and Jimmy Kelly, of Boston, were the second pair. The limit was ten rounds at 122lb. The result was a draw. James J. Jeffries, the champion boxer, having vanquished all opponents in the "squared circle," is making preparations for an onslaught upon the more refined precincts of the stage. Having faced the public, winning their applause and approbation as the foremost exponent of the manly art of self-defence, he will venture to win distinction as an actor in a play entitled "A Man from the West." This will be Jeffries' first histrionic effort, although he has figured in the roster of more than one dramatic company, giving exhibitions of boxing and wrestling. As the time grows shorter before boxing in this State in public will be a thing of the past, Terry McGovern has concluded to make hay while the sun shines, and fight every one in his class who challenges him. These lads are "Kid" Broad, Eddie Gardner, Jack Hamilton, Marty McCue, and Joe Handler. The feather-weight said yesterday that he is ready to meet any of the above, one week after the other, all battles to be decided at the Broadway A.C. Sam Harris, McGovern's manager, had a talk with matchmaker Mike Padden, and the latter said he would clinch the battles as soon as the boys came to time. McGovern is also prepared to fight Joe Bernstein or Oscar Gardner again. He does not say anything about weight, but, of course, will not go above 128lb. Everything seems to be settled now regarding the battle between Tom Sharkey and Gus Ruhlin, which is to be decided at Coney Island on June 26. Yesterday afternoon Johnny White was chosen as referee. Sharkey will resume training to-morrow. Ruhlin will take a vacation, and not return to Lakewood until next week. Betting on the result of the contest has begun. Sharkey has been installed as a 2 to 1 favourite on the strength of his showing against Jem Jeffries, and his victory over Ruhlin once before. Paddy Purtell whipped "Nick" Burley at Tacoma, Washington, in the fourteenth round of what was to have been a twenty-five rounds fight. Burley had all the best of the fight for the first six rounds, but Purtell hung on like a bull dog and grew stronger as the fight progressed. Burley's seconds threw up the sponge after he had been knocked down three times in the fourteenth round. Oscar Gardner and Billy Ryan fought eighteen terrific rounds last Tuesday night at the Business-men's Gymnasium, Cleveland, Ohio. It was the gamest fight ever seen here in a long time. From the eleventh round on Ryan had the better of the fight until he was finally knocked out by a blow on the jaw after he had broken away from a clinch. As the result of a terrible left hook on the jaw, "Stockings" Conroy, of Troy, disposed of Jack Quinn, of Brooklyn, in the eighth round of what was scheduled to be a twenty rounds go at the Manhattan Athletic Club. The diminutive Welshman, Jimmy Michael, is training at Waltham, Mass. After a particularly hard morning of work one day the little fellow felt the need of a stimulant, and on his way back to the hotel he stopped in a bar-room. The bar-tender gave him one glance, and then paid no more attention to him. "Hi want a glass of 'arf and 'arf," said Michael. Upon making a second request, the bar-tender turned upon him with this admonition: "Run along, sonny; we don't serve minors in this place." Michael had been up against that game before, and in a good-natured way he said, "But Hi am Jimmy Michael." This meant nothing to the man over the counter. Michael saw that it was no use and walked away disconsolately. Some years ago Michael returned to America from Wales, where he had visited his folks. He stopped at the Everett House and registered J. Michael. Going out for some things he needed he returned with his arms full of bundles and started to take the elevator. The coloured man looked at him, and said, "Boy, go right round there to the right and take the stairs." Michael said nothing, but walked four stories up to his room without a protest. The elevator man collapsed when he found out what he had done, for he knew of Michael, as did every one at that time. Don Cervantes, an English prize-winning bull-dog, for which T. W. Lawson, of Boston, paid $1,250, and which he was importing, died at sea. He was bred by H. Mitchell, at the Woodcote Kennels, Wimbledon, and was whelped August 17, 1895. He had won over twenty-six bench prizes, among them the first limit at the Aquarium in 1899, and the second limit at the same show in 1900. He could trace his lineage to Don Alexis and Cameo, and was a litter brother of Woodcote Galtee Moore, Maid of Perth and Catalana, all of whom have won many firsts at the largest shows in England. It was Mr. Lawson's son who made the direct purchase, and the elder Lawson did not know of his loss until he called at the Custom House to meet three dogs scheduled to him. Two of minor breed and value were brought out to him, and he was told that the other had died.

THE TATTLER.

WAGS DRESSED THE STATUE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

In Anticipation of July 4.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The statues of George Washington are sprinkled pretty freely in the United States, and George Washington Smith and George Washington Brown are to be met with at every street corner in the other hemisphere. Some wags on mischief bent made up their minds to startle the public on the fourth of July celebrations, and in preparation for that event clothed one of George Washington's statues, and placed beside the robed stone figure a trunk, as though that worthy intended to leave his pedestal and start on a continental tour; but a patriotic policeman cast the trunk to the ground, and, disrobing the figure, commandeered the clothes, while the crowd below yelled with delight.

LAURA MARTINI,

The Empress Expert Rifle Shot, Who is Considered the Greatest Sensation of This or Any Other Country.

(With Portrait.)

This lady is the acknowledged champion rifle shot of England. This graceful, renowned, and most accomplished artiste challenges the world for 1,000gs to perform the same feats with skill, dexterity, and precision. The only lady William Tell in existence, creating sensational applause at each representation, the truth of which can only be realised by seeing her remarkable performance. She is now touring the provinces with Professor Campbell, the well-known variety caterer, and will shortly come to London.

JACK O'DONNELL.

("Young Sharkey"), who Recently Arrived from Boston (U.S.A.), is Open to Meet any 10st 10lb Man in England.

(With Portrait.)

"Young Sharkey" is the ring *nom de guerre* of Jack O'Donnell, of San Francisco, now in London. O'Donnell and Frank McConnell are both pupils of Alec Greggains, the well-known heavy-weight, and "Young Sharkey" is a credit to his mentor. He was born in Melbourne, Australia, 1874, stands 5ft 8in in height, and weighs 145 pounds. He stopped Billy Jones, a heavy-weight, in 6rds, in April, 1897, and since then his record has been:—Knocked out Fred Smith, 3rds; draw Billy Gallagher, 4rds; beat Ben Ruick, 4rds; beat Harry Twomey, 4rds; stopped Nick Aronson, 2rds; knocked out Terry McCabe, heavy-weight, 2rds; knocked out Billy Gifford, heavy-weight, 1½rd; stopped Jem Sullivan, 2rds; draw Tom Dugan, 8rds; draw Emil Han; knocked out Tice Brennan, 3rds; beat Jem Adams, 6rds; knocked out Jem Crotty, 1½rd; lost decision Harry Fisher, 10rds; won Tom Wilson, 4rds; won John Bell, 4rds; draw Professor Robinson, 6rds; draw Bob Montgomery, 8rds; beaten by Fred James, 10rds; beaten by Geo. Gardiner, 10rds; knocked out "Allie" Brown, 5rds; met Tom Carpenter, 6rds (no decision); draw with Twin Sullivan, 4rds; beat Joe Robinson, 4rds; knocked out S. Shilford, 2rds; knocked out Tom Dore, 9rds; knocked out Jem Austen, 13rds; beat Jem Austin, 20rds.

JAMES GRAY,

The Popular Ex-Smoking-room Steward of the Cunard Steamship Lucania.

(With Portrait.)

James Gray, ex-smoking-room steward of the Cunard steamship Lucania, has made 400 voyages, or 800 times across the Atlantic Ocean. He has followed the sea for thirty-seven years, and we do not think the number of his voyages have been equalled by any living man. Gray was a great favourite with the commercial men who are constantly going between New York and Liverpool; many have laid over a week to go with Jemmy. The best test of the popularity of any public man is to hear him familiarly addressed. Two days out of port the man making his first voyage catches it from the old traveller, and you hear nothing but "Jemmy here and Jemmy there." Jemmy recently retired from the service of the Cunard Company, and now lives a well-earned life of leisure, owning many houses in Liverpool. Jemmy is well fixed for this world's goods, and is looked on as a model landlord. Good luck to good old Jemmy is the best wish of thousands of ocean travellers.

FRED JANES,

The Well-Known Heavy-Weight Boxer who Died Recently at Bloemfontein, South Africa.

(With Portrait.)

We regret to hear of the death of Fred Janes, the well-known heavy-weight Bristol boxer. He succumbed to enteric fever, at Bloemfontein, on June 1, whilst serving as a reservist in the 1st Grenadier Guards. The deceased had only recently married, and leaves a young widow to mourn his loss.

JAMES KENDALL.

The Crack Pigeon-Shot with his Favourite Hound "Oom Paul."

(With Portrait.)

James Kendall has been very successful with the gun in all his matches, winning at all distances, seldom failing to grass all his birds. His happy hunting ground has been South Africa, where he, in company with Tom Lees and other sports, have kept the game alive among the Afrikanders.

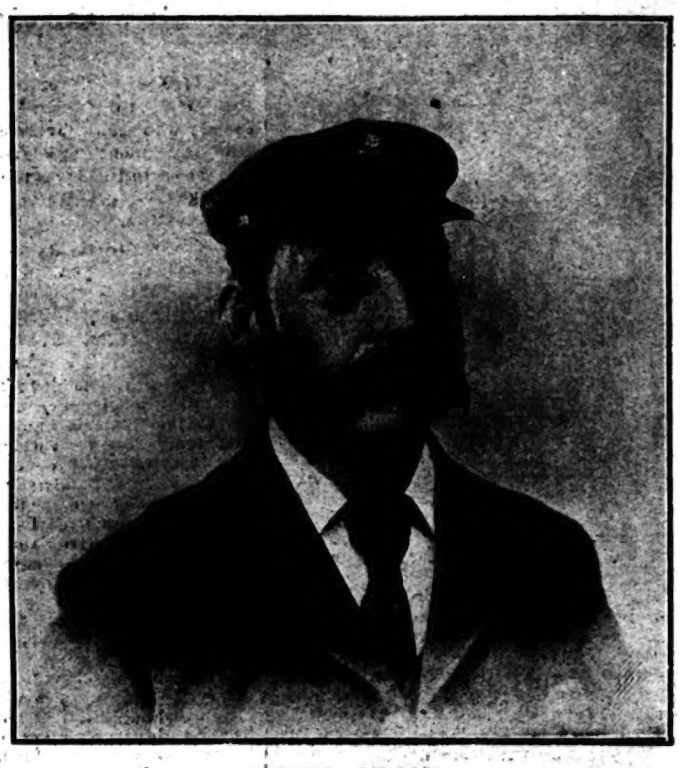
VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

Among the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—

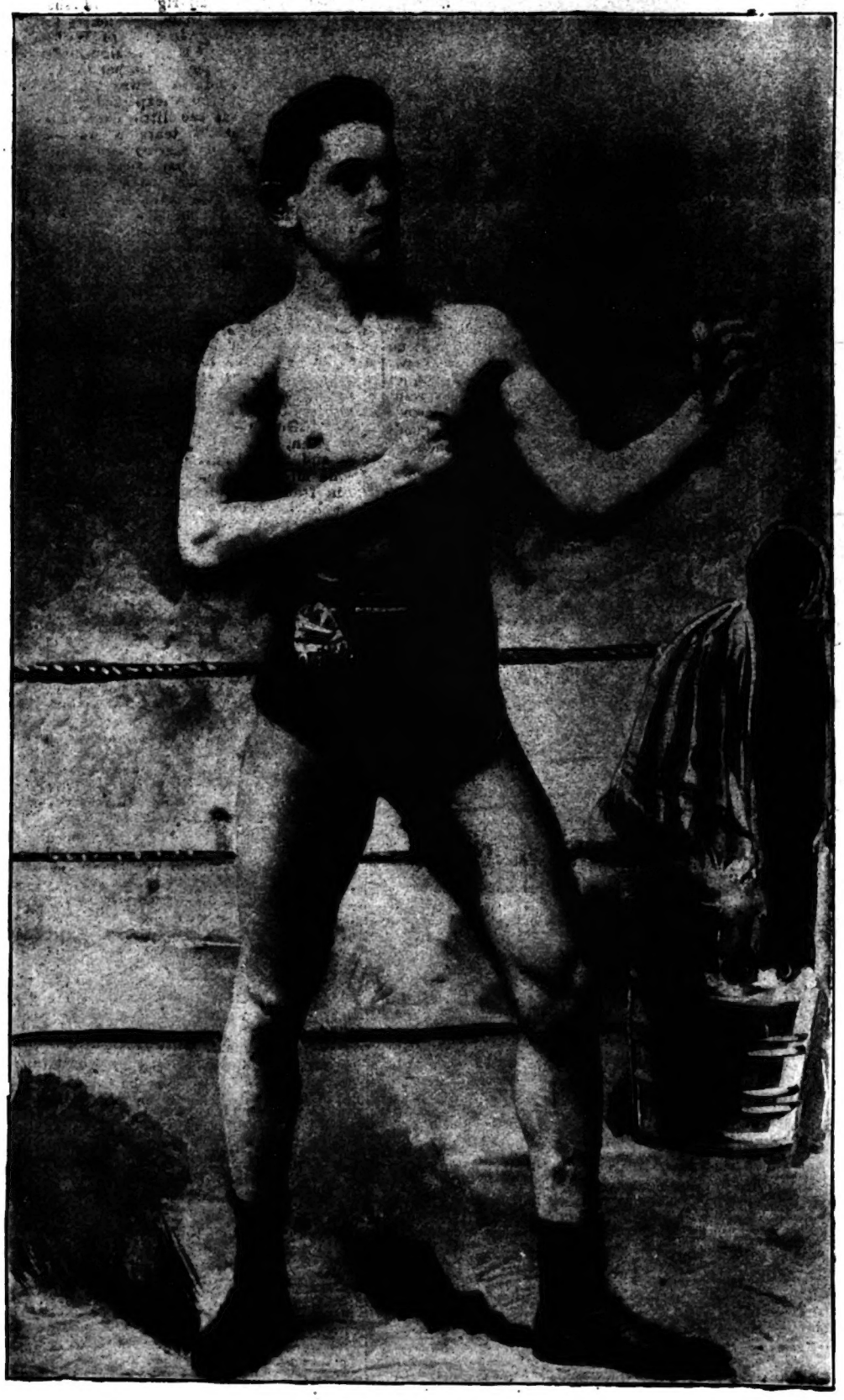
Herbert Guest.
Tom Hall (the Midget).
Brummy, of Holloway.
Corporal B. Sanders.
Old Jack Sanders.
Bill Lampshire.
Mr. Leonard Mitchell.
Mr. W. Mackernan (Boston).
Brothers Jardine.
Harry Stebbard, of Stockton.
Young Guilfoyle.
Emanuel Henriksen (Danish boxer).
James E. Donegan (Donegan Troupe of Royal Trick Cyclists).
Mr. Lambert (Boston).
Mrs. Freeman Martin.
C. Le Mané (Paris, France)
Jerry Smith (Dublin).
Mike Quinn.
J. Brown (Preston).
Jemmy Wakeham.

LOST AND FOUND.

"I called in answer to an advertisement for a boy," said a bright-faced little chap to Mr. Goldstein, the mill owner, who was a bulky, red-faced man. He was about to leave his private carriage to enter the office when thus accosted. With him was a golden-haired little girl, who listened to the boy with eager interest. "Well, how old are you and where have you been working?" said the mill owner, looking at the lad sharply. "I came from the country, sir, where my mother and I worked in a small mill since father died. Now she is gone and so I came here to the big city hoping to find a better job." "Well, you are too young, and a boy that don't know the city is of no use to me. My advice is to go back to your former home," said Goldstein in a tone of dismissal of the subject, then he turned to his driver and said: "Take Miss Alice where she wants to go." The boy—Philip Martin by name—felt a lump rise in his th at, and with a discouraged feeling walked listlessly down the thoroughfare. He had no home or friends and no shelter. Furthermore, he had spent nearly all his money in getting to the city. While meditating on what should be his next move he felt a gentle touch upon his arm and heard a sweet, low, childish voice say: "Never mind, here's a card with the name of my uncle on it, and he will give you work." Turning he saw again the face of the mill owner's daughter, Alice Goldstein. "It is all right," said she, "and never mind thanking me. I'd like the same thing happen to Will—that's my brother—if he was alone in a big city." Philip opened the paper containing the card and inside was a bright new half-a-crown. So unexpected was it all that as soon as the little Samaritan departed he burst into tears, whereupon some little fellows in passing called him "cry baby." Feeling very tired he sat down on one of the park seats intending to seek Alice's uncle when he had recovered his mental balance. He fell fast asleep and when he awoke the parcel which he brought from home containing a valuable recipe, a bible and his mother's photo had disappeared. Gradually, however, he thought of the little girl, of the card which bore the name of a possible employer and of his empty stomach. The thought of her and half-a-crown brought hope and comfort, so he proceeded to a restaurant and had his first square meal since arriving in the city. On leaving the place he again saw the Goldstein carriage and the fair Samaritan, who beckoned him to her side, and, much to his astonishment, held up the missing parcel, which had been stolen from him while asleep. Twenty years have passed since Philip Martin and Alice Goldstein met. During that time Phillip secured a good position and took up a study of medicine. He was now a prosperous physician, and one night was called into consultation, the case being that of a young man dying in squalor. As he entered the room his eyes met those of a beautiful young woman, who rose and extended both hands appealingly to him. "Do you not remember me?" said she; "do you not recall your first attempt to secure work in London." "Ah, indeed I do. Can this be the little Samaritan who saved me from despair? I tried in vain to keep track of you, but they told me you were travelling and I fancied you had settled down in married life. Maybe it is so!" "No," said she, "and I've done better by you, for I've followed your career these many years, and congratulate you on your great success with the Little Diamond Liver Pills." The doctor then listened to the painful story of the patient, who was the brother of Alice—the "black sheep of the family," who from boyhood had been alienated from his father and sister, was reinstated for awhile in his father's good graces, but later, through speculation, brought financial ruin and a suicide's end for the father. Dainty Alice, who had been supporting herself by teaching music, discovered his whereabouts, but too late, for he was at death's door. Dr. Martin on taking his leave said: "By the way, tell me how you found the parcel that day." "Well, I kept you in sight and so witnessed the act of the thief, and Jim, the coachman, made him give it up." As they stood talking Alice's eye fell on an old coin and a ring worn on the doctor's chain. The doctor read her thoughts and said: "Yes, that's the same coin, and it has been indeed a charm! There is my mother's photo, and, as you know, the recipe for the Little Diamond Liver Pills have saved many lives and reaped a fortune." They parted, but not before Alice's consent was given to his future calls, which resulted six months later in Dr. Martin's marriage to fair Alice. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]



JAMES GRAY,
The Popular Ex-Smoking-room Steward of the Cunard Steamship Lucania.



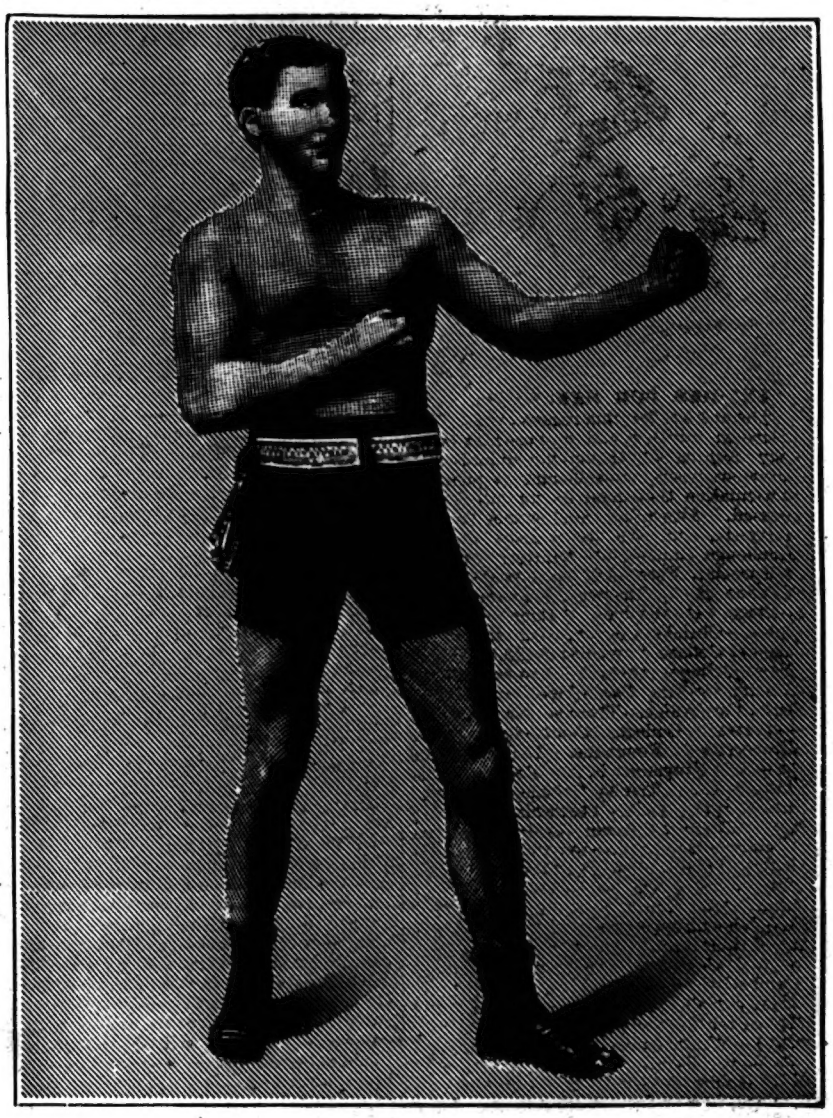
JIMMY HANDLER,
Who Defeated Charley McKeever in Six Rounds at the Seaside Sporting Club, New York, June 9.

LAURA MARTINI,
The Empress Expert Rifle Shot, who is Considered the Greatest Sensation of This or Any Other Country.

A RUN WITH THE HOUNDS.
Nasty Fall at the Water Jump.

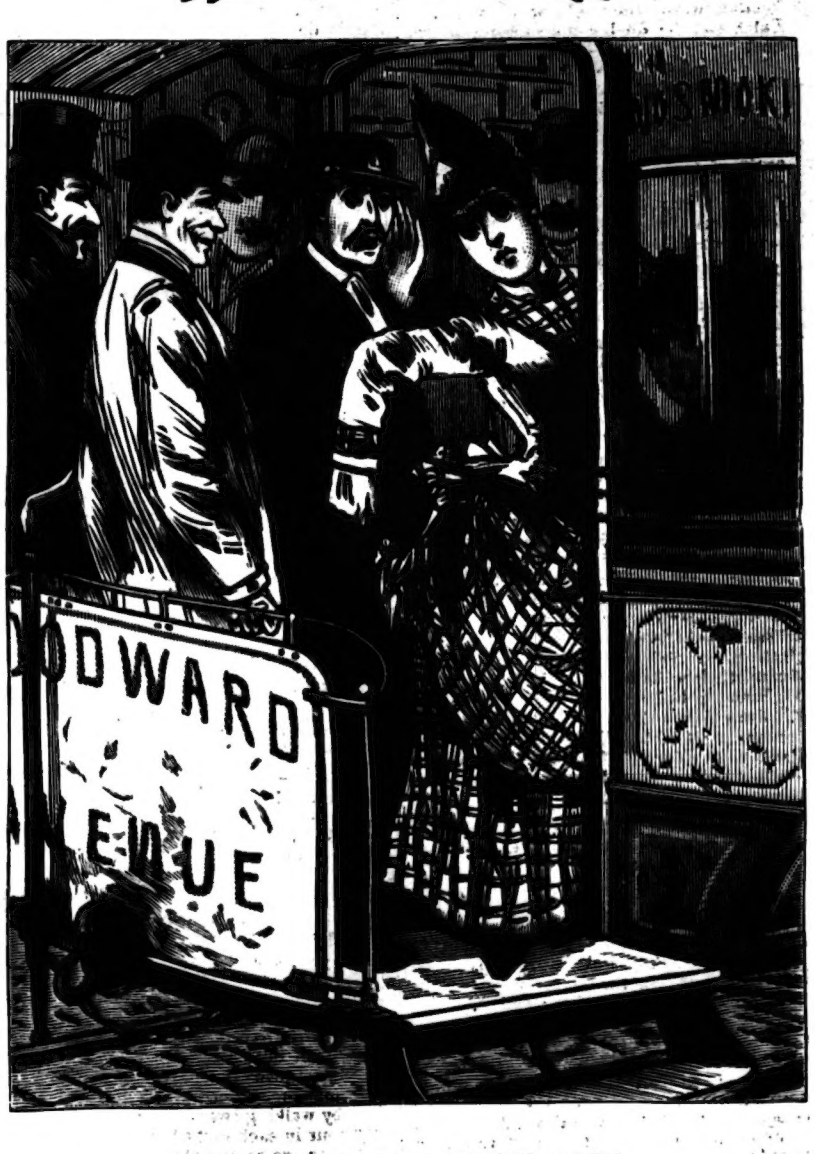
A CAPTAIN'S WIFE ROBBED AND ASSAULTED.
While Out Riding she was Stopped by Two Thieves.

"GOOD OLD PRETORIA DAY!"
Eight Harmonious Students who Made Too Much of the Occasion.



CHARLEY McKEEVER,
Who Lost on a Foul to Jimmy Handler at the Seaside Sporting Club, New York, June 9.

WAGS DRESSED THE STATUE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON
In Anticipation of the Fourth of July.



OVERCROWDED TRAM CARS.
The Lady who Always Expects a Seat.

ENTRIES FOR HENLEY REGATTA—The entries for this regatta, which takes place on July 4, 5, and 6, closed on Saturday morning, and though not so large as in previous years, are sufficient to justify an anticipation that good racing will be witnessed. Altogether the entries number forty-six, and are as follows: — Grand Challenge Cup.—Club Nautique de Gand (Brussels), Eton College, Leander Club, London R.C., Thames R.C., and Trinity College, Cambridge. Ladies' Challenge Plate.—Christ's College, Cambridge; Emmanuel College, Cambridge; Eton College; New College, Oxford; Radley College; Trinity College, Cambridge; and Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Thames Challenge Cup.—Christ's College, Cambridge; Dublin University; Emmanuel College, Cambridge; Kingston R.C.; London R.C.; Thames R.C.; Trinity College, Cambridge; and Vesta R.C. Stewards' Challenge Cup.—Berliner Ruder Club, Germany; Leander Club; London R.C.; Thames R.C.; Trinity College, Cambridge; and Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Visitors' Challenge Cup.—Christ's College, Cambridge; Magdalen College, Oxford; Trinity College, Cambridge; and Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Wyfold Challenge Cup.—Christ's College, Cambridge; Kingston R.C.; London R.C.; Trinity Hall, Cambridge; and Vesta R.C. The Silver Goblets (and Nickalls Challenge Cup).—W. Dudley Ward and R. B. Etherington-Smith, Trinity College, Cambridge; C. J. D. Goldie and G. McD. Maitland, Trinity College, Cambridge. The Diamond Sculls.—St. G. Ashe; H. T. Blackstaffe, Vesta R.C.; F. A. Boyton, London R.C.; C. V. Fox, Guards' Brigade R.C.; E. G. Hemmerde, University College, Oxford; B. H. Howell, Thames R.C.; Fritz Miller, Royal Sport Nautique, Brussels; L. Prevel, Club Nautique de Nice, France.

THE SCOTTISH A.A. CHAMPIONships.—These championships were decided at Powderhall Grounds, Edinburgh, on Saturday in fine weather. The features of the day were the triple win by W. H. Welsh and the dual honours secured by J. Paterson. Details:—100 Yards: Final heat: W. H. Welsh, Edinburgh University, 1; J. McLean, Blackheath H., 2; R. L. Watson, Longport H., 3. Won by half a yard, a yard between second and third. Time, 10 3-5sec. 220 Yards: W. H. Welsh, Edinburgh University, 1; J. McLean, Blackheath H., 2; R. L. Watson, Longport, 3. Seven ran. Won by two yards. Time, 23sec. Quarter Mile: W. H. Welsh, Edinburgh University, 1; R. L. Watson, Longport H., 2; R. Halkett, Bedford A.C., 3. Won by six yards. Time, 51 3-5sec. Half-Mile: J. Paterson, Watsonians, 1; R. A. Hay, Edinburgh, 2; H. C. D. Paton, Edinburgh H., 3. Won easily. Time, 1min 59 3-5sec. One Mile: J. Paterson, Watsonians, 1; J. C. Macdonald, Edinburgh H., 2; and G. Stevenson, Ayr F.C., 3. Won by two yards. Time, 4min 37 2-5sec. 120 Yards Hurdles: R. S. Stronach, Glasgow Academicals, 1; G. C. Anderson, Edinburgh University, 2. Won by a yard. Time, 16 4-5sec. High Jump: J. B. Milne, Dundee, 5ft 9in, 1; R. G. Murray, Clydesdale H., 5ft 8in., 2. Broad Jump: H. Barr, Clydesdale H., 21ft 10in, 1; G. C. Anderson, Edinburgh University, 20ft 8in, 2. Throwing the Hammer: M. N. McInnes, Edinburgh University, 108ft 10in, 1; D. J. Macrae, Aberdeen University, 106ft 4in, 2. Putting the Weight: D. J. Macrae, Aberdeen University, 38ft 10in, 1; M. N. McInnes, Edinburgh University, 38ft 7½in, 2. Four Miles Race: A. R. Gibb, Watsonians, 1; D. W. Mill, Clydesdale H., 2; J. Ranken, Bedford A.C., 3. Won by six yards; eight yards between second and third. Time, 20min 5⅕sec.

THE A.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS.—THE following additional American entries have been received for the championships on July 7. From Princeton University:—J. F. Cregan, mile and half; S. M. Parry, half mile; J. W. Jarvis, 100yd and quarter-mile; D. S. Horton and A. W. Colman, pole jump; and W. C. Carroll, high jump. Dick Grant, late of Harvard University, enters for the mile and four miles; and J. Bray, William's College, Williamstown, Mass., for the mile and half mile. F. Sweeney, the ex-amateur champion high jumper of the world, came over with the Princeton team, and is desirous of giving exhibitions at amateur meetings if the A.A.A. will allow. A Reuter's telegram states that the teams of the New York Athletic Club and of the University of Chicago sailed on June 23 for Europe in the Patricia and Servia respectively.

HOSPITAL SPORTS.—GUY'S HOSpital Sports were held on Saturday on the Students' Union Ground, at Honor Oak Park. The best performances were accomplished by R. E. Brayne, who easily won the three miles handicap with 25sec. start, his actual time being 17min. 42½sec., by S. P. Wadson, who won the one furlong handicap from 3 yards in 24 2-5sec., and was second from scratch in the quarter-mile to R. W. Allen, 12 yards, who ran in 54sec., and by A. M. Roome, who won the long jump at 19ft 10in., and the half-mile from 30 yards in 2min 9½sec. D. H. Trail won the "shot-put" at 31ft 9½in., was second in the half-mile from scratch, and second in the hammer-throw at 75ft 8in, F. W. Shire winning at 77ft 9in. Two members of the staff—in C. T. Hilton, who won the 150 yards veterans' race, and C. Higgins, who won the donkey race—were successful. Other events resulted as follow:—100 Yards Handicap.—H. K. Lacey, 6 yards start, 1; E. Morgan, 5, 2; R. W. Allen, 4, 3. Won by three yards; half a yard between the next two. Time, 10 1-5sec. 120 Yards Hurdles Handicap.—J. E. Hodson, owed 6 yards, 1; E. M. Howison, owed 5 yards, 2. Won by six yards. Time, 19 3-5sec. One Mile Handicap.—O. B. Travers, 50 yards start, 1; H. Barker, 35, 2; L. G. Nash, scratch, 3. Won by six yards, the scratch man being another 20 yards away. Time, 5min 2 4-5sec. The High Jump was postponed owing to the slippery nature of the ground.

Miserable weather prevailed at the Stamford Bridge grounds on Thursday, when St. Bartholomew's, holders of the Inter-Hospital Challenge Shield, held their annual sports. Notwithstanding the fact that the track was in a very heavy condition, the performances were fairly creditable. The old Cambridge University crack, H. E. Graham, won the quarter-mile challenge cup race in fine style in 56sec, and also finished an easy winner of the half-mile handicap from scratch in 2min 5 2-5sec. The mile handicap produced a splendid struggle between J. G. Forbes, 130yds, and B. N. Ash, 25yds. On entering the home straight it looked as if Ash would prove successful, but try as he would he could not get ahead, and Forbes breasted the tape a winner by barely a yard in 4min 42 3-5sec.

INTERNATIONAL ATHLETICS AT the Paris Exhibition.—Sunday, July 1.—Championships of the World: Flat races at 100 metres (109yd), 400 metres (436yd), and 1,500 metres (1,635yd); hurdle race, 110 metres (119.9yd); steeplechase, 2,500 metres (2,725yd); long and high jumps, and throwing the weight. Thursday, July 5.—Handicap flat races at 100 metres, 400 metres, and 1,500 metres; throwing the weight; long and high jumps, and race (en ligne) of 5,000 metres (3 miles 370yd). The above events will all be decided on the ground of the Racing Club de France in the Bois de Boulogne. The entry-fees are 5 francs for the championship races, 2 francs for the handicaps, and 3 francs for the scratch race of 5,000 metres. These fees must be sent with entries to Mons. R. Fabens, Secretaire General de l'Union des Sports Athletiques, 229, Rue St. Honore, Paris. For foreigners the time for the closing of entries is extended to Wednesday, June 27, at midday.

N.C.U. CHAMPIONSHIPS.—ON THE Grangetown track, near Middlesbrough, on Saturday, before a large attendance, the first batch of this year's championships were decided in fine weather, with the following results:—One Mile Professional—Final heat: F. W. Chinn, Midland A.C., 1; J. Platt Betts, Crystal Palace, 2; H. Howard, Putney, 3. Won by two lengths. Time, 2min 28 4-5sec. An objection against Chinn for running out at the corners was dismissed. Quarter-Mile Amateur—Final heat: A. S. Ingram, Polytechnic C.C., 1; J. W. Longstaff, Sunderland, 2; S. Holloway, Midland C. and A.C. finished first, but was disqualified for boring. Time, 33sec. One Mile Amateur—Final heat: W. Edmonds, Bristol, 1; T. Childs, Sunderland, 2; E. Smith, Sunderland, 3. Won on the post; a bad third. Time, 2min 43 4-5sec. Quarter-Mile Professional—Final heat: J. Camp, London, 1; H. Reynolds, Dublin, 2. Won by 2ft. Time, 32 3-5sec. Five Miles Professional: H. B. Howard, Putney, 1; J. Platt Betts, Crystal Palace, 2; H. Reynolds, Dublin, 3. Seven started. Won easily. Time 13min 31 1-5sec.

THE INTER-POLYTECHNIC Sports.—The Inter-Polytechnic sports will be held on June 30 at the Memorial Ground, Canning Town, and we are informed that Sir Owen Roberts, chairman of the London Polytechnic Council, presents a challenge shield for competition. Last year the trophy was won by Regent Street. The following polytechnics are entering teams this year:—Borough, Regent Street, Battersea, St. Bride Foundation, Northampton, and Woolwich.

MATCH AGAINST TIME.—I, R. W. Wilson, of 38A, Stibbington Street, Somers Town, am ready to meet any amateur or professional reputation to a match against time, viz., by walking twenty-eight days, allowing one hour in each eight for rest and refreshment, &c., go as you please; road preferred. Failing a match in England, American papers please copy.

MICHAEL, THE EX-JOCKEY, Reappears on the Cinder Path.—Jemmy Michael, the little prodigy in the cycle-racing world two years ago, has abandoned horse-racing and returned to his old love, viz., paced riding. Recently he made his reappearance on the path at Boston (U.S.A.), in a match over twenty miles against Burns Pierce, the American long-distance champion. After a very exciting contest Michael was beaten by 200yd, but had it not been for a pacing mishap at the sixteenth mile, which lost him a little ground, he would have made a grand race of it with Pierce. Pierce's time for the twenty miles was 34min 29sec. Michael has several other matches fixed up, and if he is successful he will return to the scene of his many notable victories at Paris, and ride in the world's championships.

ARMY AND NAVY SPORTS.—The annual naval and military athletic gathering was brought to a conclusion at Portsmouth on Saturday. Lieutenant E. Grace, R.N. (son of Dr. W. G. Grace) won the 100 yards and quarter-mile races for officers; Sub-Lieutenant Forbes, R.N., was successful in a two-mile bicycle race for officers; Lieutenant Macdonald, R.A., took the obstacle race; and Royal Marine Artillery were easy winners of the tug-of-war. In the Five Mile Bicycle Race Championship Army and Navy, Southern District, Corporal Waterman, R.M.A., beat Sub-Lieutenant Stone, R.N. (2) and Engine-room Artificer Charnock (3) after a smart race; and the Half-Mile Championship Flat Race was won by Able-seaman Cotton, H.M.S. Duke of Wellington.

INTER-'VARSITY SWIMMING.—AT the Bath Club, Dover Street, Piccadilly, last Friday night, the annual inter-'Varsity swimming races and water polo match were decided. Oxford won the 50 and 100 yards races, but the Cantabs easily secured the quarter-mile, their pair finishing a length of the bath in front of the foremost Oxonian. The team race (seven aside) was productive of a grand struggle, Cambridge winning by a touch, and in the water polo match Cambrige beat Oxford by 3 goals to 2.

WALKING CHAMPIONSHIP.—THE twenty-five miles world's professional walking championship was contested on Monday at Fulham Cross. J. W. Raby, of Elland, who covered the distance in 3hr 53min 38⅘sec, secured the championship and first prize of £10. As it was Raby's second consecutive victory he also made the challenge cup his own property. D. Fenton, of London, was second, half a mile behind, and E. E. Goldsmith, of London, who covered 23½ miles, third.

AMERICAN ATHLETES COMING TO Take Part in the Amateur Championship Meeting at Stamford Bridge.—The members of the New York athletic team, sailing for Hamburg on the Patricia on June 23, to take part in the amateur championship meeting at Stamford Bridge, are:—Flanagan, throwing the hammer; Sheldon, putting the weight; Long and Boardman, middle-distance runners; Johnson, pole jump; R. C. Ewry, standing, bread, and high jump. The athletic team of Georgetown University, Washington, D.C., sail for Liverpool on the New England on June 20. The well-known runner Wefers may accompany them, and others coming are:—Duffy, the champion sprinter; Minahan, the short-distance runner; and Holland, the middle-distance runner.

AN OLD LADY ROUTS THE LOAFERS.

"Weary Willies" could not Stand her Tongue.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE public seats in our parks and gardens seem to be the only resting place for the "Weary Willies" and out-at-elbow loafers who, with nothing to do, bask in the sun; when it rains they migrate to other and less fashionable quarters, but with the return of sunshine the submerged tenth bring their rags and lazy bodies into evidence. Four of this kind of gentry had taken possession of one of the seats when along came an old lady with her apple basket, and, seeing no chance of getting a resting-place, she soundly rated the ragged loafers, and pulling one off the seat, she deposited her basket, and her angry tongue compelled the others to vacate the spot.

POST FREE.

MANLY VIGOR

Send for the best and most valuable work on Atrophy and Varicocele, by M.D., Ch.M., with special chapters on the explanation of Vital Secrets, and the certain Cure of Prostration, Debility, and Decay. This work is the purest guide in Essential Matters. It treats of Exhausted Vitality, Spermatorrhœa, Youthful Imprudence, Lost Manhood, Premature Decay, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Weakness, Varicocele, Dimness of Sight, Brain Fag, Nervousness, Blotches on the Skin, Loss of Memory, Melancholy, Noises in the Ears, Liver Complaints, Bladder and Kidney Complaints, and every form of disease peculiar to the Urinary Organs. Address:—"Surgeon," 7, Bristol Gardens, Brighton, Sussex, England. Name this paper.

A CHILD NEARLY STRANGLED TO DEATH.

A Careless Nurse Girl and her Charge.

(Subject of Illustration.)

So often the negligence of servants leads to children being crippled in some instances; they are afraid to mention that some little accident has occurred, which in time develops and leaves the little one injured for life. A thoughtless nurse girl was placed in charge of a child about four years of age, with the result that it was nearly strangled. The scarf around its neck became entangled in the wheel of the perambulator, which at each revolution became tighter, But for a working man noticing the accident the child would undoubtedly have been choked to death; as it was the marks of the scarf round its neck plainly showed it to be in extreme danger.

HOW THEY INDUCE THE TRAVELLER TO BUY.

Mexican Fruit and Nut Sellers' Playful Demand to Enforce Trade.

(Subject of Illustration.)

TRAVELLING in England and travelling in Texas is not quite the same thing. The carriages and conveniences are equally as good there as here, but the passengers in some cases are not very desirable associates. Men board the train at different points and offer fruit drinks and other things for sale, and are somewhat impudent in pushing their wares under the passengers' nose. In one case a seller of nuts drew from his pocket a pistol and presented it at the head of a traveller while offering his goods. The traveller, to escape his attentions, gave the fellow a bit of silver to save a bother.

A CASE OF FISTICUFFS IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

An Impudent Traveller Gets a Thrashing.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE interior of a railway carriage, in the presence of other passengers, is anything but the proper place for a scrap. It may have been the heat, or an extra glass of wine, that made Alfred Bent obnoxious to others. Before anyone could interfere, or even knew that anything was wrong, Alfred had found a partner with the "dooks," and the pair went for two rounds for all they were worth. Alfred at length found the floor, and as he was somewhat the worse for the encounter, declined to renew the combat he had provoked by winking at his opponent's partner, the pretty girl opposite

GOOD OLD PRETORIA DAY!

Eight Harmonious Students who Made Too Much of the Occasion.

(Subject of Illustration.)

EIGHT students who had been celebrating the successes of the British army found themselves safely under lock and key to answer the charge of disorderly conduct, when next day, before the beak, a small fine, with a caution thrown in for their future benefit, met the justice of the case. On the decision being given one of them drew a tuning fork and, striking the instrument below the judge's desk, the eight offenders struck up in harmony the National Anthem and marched out still full of patriotism.

A CAPTAIN'S WIFE ROBBED AND ASSAULTED.

While out Riding she was Stopped by Two Thieves.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A LADY who was out riding a few miles from Bombay was stopped and robbed by two tramps. The men made her dismount, and after taking her valuables embraced her in loving fashion. She screamed for assistance, when fortunately a friend galloped up, and drawing his revolver emptied it at the two men, inflicting a severe wound in one fellow's neck, his companion escaping.

TOOK A BATH IN A WATER CART.

The Adventure Ended in the Lock-up.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE watercarts which are used to lay the dust in the streets of Toronto are like huge tubs on wheels. It was into one of these that a over-heated individual, who had divested himself of his clothing, tried to get a cool bath for nothing, but the sharp eye of the gentleman in blue detected him, and instead of allowing his prisoner to escape he held the bather by the hair, and had the vehicle driven to the station, when the naked captive was allowed to dress before appearing in public. This little exploit caused the bather a month's seclusion in the lock-up.

THE DUNEDIN TROUPE OF AUStralian Cyclists are now fulfilling a successful engagement at the Camberwell Palace of Varieties.

EVENTS TO COME.

THE following contests will take place during June and July:—

JUNE 30.—Joe Smith's Boxing Tournament, Wonderland, Whitechapel.

JULY 2—At Jemmy Lowes', Hexham House, Newcastle-on-Tyne. R. Dunn, of Spen, v. R. Short, of Emma Vale, twenty rounds, for £25 a-side and a purse of £25.

BOXING AT WONDERLAND.

A GOOD ATTENDANCE.

SPORT OF ANY SORT, AND BOXING in particular, has long had a home in the hearts of those who live in the crowded districts of the East End of the metropolis. Years ago, before the era of glove-fighting, quarrels between friends or enemies were settled in the orthodox manner, with nature's weapons. This led to champions obtaining the first knowledge of fistic warfare, and after gaining a name among their friends generally, were pitted for a small stake of £5 to £10 a-side against a second or third rate fighter of the day. A glimpse at "Fistiana" will give an account of many battles fought down the river and inland on the greensward. Many merry mills took place in Epping Forest, Temple Mills, Hackney Marshes, as well as the sides of the Thames and the canal. When glove fighting became the rage it took the place of the old prize ring, and has always had the support of those down East. To be always able to equal prior successes is not within the reach of the most accomplished fistic general, but Joe Smith generally succeeds in making boxers try their hardest to make a good night's boxing. Though the expenses are only just paid, he does his best, from pure love of the sport, to elevate the game and raise it to a high standard. Despite the closeness of a hot summer day a good attendance witnessed the boxing last Saturday at Wonderland, and were well satisfied with the bill of fare. Details.—Eight Rounds Contest: Dan Sullivan beat Charlie Wilson.—This was, we believe, the first appearance of the last named here, and though he tried all he knew was sent to sleep in the opening round. Six Rounds Contest: Charlie Hunt beat Bill Nichols.—These two lads both loved the same lass, and agreed to fight for her and the purse offered by Joe Smith. Neither had any idea of the business, but they were in earnest, and fought hard for the stakes. In the fourth round Hunt sent his opponent to the boards, and failing to rise in the proper time left Hunt the winner of the fair damsel and the purse. Nichols was not in condition to fight and was invalided home. Eight Rounds Contest: Jack Calder beat "Dummy" Forest.—These two met before at Ben Harris's private show, and Forest was not satisfied. This proved a repetition of their previous battle, but "Dummy" kept trying "Pedlar" Palmer's tricks, and paid the penalty by getting some hard blows. Had he boxed as usual without resorting to flashness he may have reversed the verdict, which went to Calder. The best bout of the evening was a three rounds exhibition between "Nutty" Williams and Jem Quinn. This was a hard-hitting display that well deserved the grand reception it received. Six Rounds Contest: Bert Adams v. Jem Sweeney.—We have cautioned these before, and after an exhibition in the opening round, repeated the caution. It made no difference, and four times they were told to try. When the sixth round ended our representative himself got on the stage, and announced there would be no decision, as only a winner could be found between tryers. Six Rounds Contest: Bill Izzard beat Bill Berwick.—This was a good contrast to the preceding battle, and a grand fight resulted, but Izzard hit hard and often. Berwick, though beaten, was very game, and taking his gruel like a man, pulled up, but at the end Izzard won easily. Three Rounds Display: Curley (Paddington) and Archie Wright. Six Rounds Contest: Ted Goodson beat Charlie Read.—Goodson did as he liked and won in the second round. Six Rounds Contest: Tom King beat Ernie Hunt.—King evidently knew he could beat his opponent when he liked, but he took no liberties and won anyhow on points at the close. THE MIRROR OF LIFE acted as referee, Jack Farley as timekeeper, with the tale teller Ben Harris doing all the talking.

HEXHAM HOUSE SALOON, NEWCASTLE.

IF IT HAD BEEN GENERALLY known that a world's champion would have appeared in exhibition boxing at Jemmy Lowes' Hexham House Saloon on Saturday evening there would have been a crowded house without a doubt. As it was there was a goodly attendance of spectators, and the entertainment they saw was of a most enjoyable description. The pair to open the proceedings were Young Coulon and T. Stevenson and they were happy in pleasing, as also were Tom O'Niell and J. Brewis. "Darky" Carpenter and J. Brewis made an exceedingly good show, and "Dido" Vardy and Jack Nelson went hard at work for three rounds. H. Aleck and J. Sharp gave an interesting exhibition. Then came the great feature of the entertainment, this being a three rounds exhibition between Will Curley and "Jumper" Howe. That they created quite a furore it is needless to say, for the performance of boxing shown by so clever a pair could not but be of the most enjoyable character, and they were greeted with the most hearty applause. Then came the usual contest for the purse, in which J. M'Gurk and G. Pringle faced each other to box the best of eight rounds. There could not possibly have been a better contest, for both lads from the start boxed for all they were worth, and at the call of time they were both eager for the rest. The second round was of a similar character, and Pringle went very strongly, sending his opponent to the boards time after time; but M'Gurk stuck it like a stoic until the end of the round. When time was called for the lads to commence the third round Pringle declined, but M'Gurk, Barkis like, was willing, and consequently received the verdict. "Spider" Carr and C. Watts were the seconds throughout, Sam Francis being referee, and Martin Nealis timekeeper. For next week J. Morris and J. M'Given are matched to box eight rounds.

BOXING IN BRADFORD.—THE BRADford and County Athletic Club, a new organisation, opened its doors in Lee Street last Monday night. A good programme had been arranged, and an interesting evening's entertainment was witnessed. The club has secured commodious premises, the chief drawback being that all the seats are on the same level with the ring. The programme opened with two four rounds contests, Bill Delaney v. Bob Henry, of Bradford, and Jim Gorman, of Manchester, v. Peter Gould, of Leeds. Each contest finished in one round, the first named in each case winning. The principal event of the evening was a twelve rounds contest, at catch-weights, between Will Atkinson, of Bradford, and Mike Goulding, of Barnsley, for a £40 purse. Atkinson, who won, was attended by his brother Ted, Jim Delaney, and Billy Garnett, and Goulding's seconds were his brother, Jim Long, and Jim Gorman. The contest opened in good style, though the men did a lot of hugging. The first five rounds were Atkinson's. In the first he felled Goulding with a right on the ear and the latter took full time to rise, and he was down again several times in the succeeding rounds. An awkward incident occurred near the end of the fifth round. Goulding's right glove split badly. There were no other four-ounce gloves on the premises and the men had to change to six-ouncers. The rest was very useful to Goulding after his jolting about. The remainder of the contest was much quieter. Atkinson did most of the leading, though he wasted much time in seeking for a knock out. He had a fine opportunity in the tenth round, but missed it, and the finish found both men on their feet, with Atkinson a popular winner. Fred Best, of Huddersfield, was referee.

BERT SMITH TO BILLY ROSS.—Bert Smith (Irish Count) hearing that Ross is anxious to box him, wishes to inform Ross that he (Smith) has done with boxing, but rather than Ross shall go without a match Bert Smith will box him for Mr. Hargreave's purse, providing the winner takes the lot; to box with small gloves at catch-weight, or if Ross will consent to a go in the old style Mr. Hargreaves will bet Ross 5 to 4 to any amount. Bert Smith hopes that Ross will either put up or shut up. Any communication through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will receive Smith's prompt attention.

JACK DABBS, OF HANLEY, STAFfordshire, is in want of a travelling engagement with a boxing booth. Will Billy Weston, of Cambridgeshire, or Elijah Ball send to Gilbert Mee, Charter Arms Hotel, Mansfield, if they are in want of one, about 9st.

TERRY McGOVERN KNOCKS OUT TOMMY WHITE.

(From Our Own Correspondent at the Ringside.)

NEW YORK, JUNE 13, 1900.—Under the most trying circumstances Terry McGovern, the feather-weight and bantam-weight champion of the world, knocked out Tommy White, the clever Chicago boxer, in the third round at the Seaside Sporting Club of Coney Island last night. A defective electric light caused no end of trouble. In the first round the lights went out, and there was a wait of eleven minutes before the battle was resumed. Prior to the go, the crowd, numbering 5,000 or more, had been compelled to sit in darkness for over half an hour. The management was all at sea and there was no end of grumbling. Because of the fact that the lights might go out for good, McGovern hurried the fight to a definite conclusion, that was reached much sooner than the talent had been led to expect. White recently fought six rounds with McGovern in Chicago, and on the strength of that encounter he was matched to go twenty-five rounds with the champion last night. White has always been looked upon as one of the most skilful boxers and ring generals in the profession, and for that reason it was thought he might be able to give McGovern a stiff argument. But, as the fight turned out, he was the easiest kind of a mark. McGovern was after him from the start. In the second round White was knocked down twice and was actually saved by the gong. He landed a few left-hand jabs in Terry's face, and also used his right more frequently than has been his custom, but his blows were merely mosquito bites. McGovern paid no attention to them at all. When the third round began it could be seen that White's stay in the ring would be short. McGovern, who was stronger and more rugged in every way, simply overpowered his opponent with heavy rushes and blows that beat down the Chicago man's guard, and knocked him to the floor as fast as he could regain his feet. White, a moment before being stopped, made a game rally. He actually staggered the champion with a couple of desperate swings, but that was all. McGovern then smashed him all over the ring until a terrific stomach blow took White's steam away, and he was counted out while on one knee, vainly trying to get up. McGovern went out of his class to meet White, and his victory is a proof that he can whip almost any of the so-called light-weights of the present day. He is a feather-weight in pounds, but can fight and hit like a man in the welter-weight class. A lot of money was dropped by Chicago sports, who backed White to stay ten rounds. White was carried out of the ring to his dressing-room. Later he was helped out of the building by friends. He said he twisted his ankle in falling the last time in the ring. Fully 4,000 persons were in the building when the preliminary bout began. The principals were Frank Patterson, of Brooklyn, and Lew Ryall, of Philadelphia, who were to go twelve rounds at catch-weights, under the eyes of Referee John White. In the second round Ryall scored a clean knock-down with a right-hand swing on the jaw. In the fourth round Patterson began putting in effective stomach blows which weakened the Philadelphian's assault. While the men were hard at it in the seventh round the electric lights in the building went out. The referee sent the pugilists to their corners, and the crowd, lighting matches by the hundreds, had plenty of fun until the burners blazed again. Then the fight proceeded. The last round was a corker. Patterson fought his man to a practical standstill at the gong. Patterson got the decision, which was just, but the majority of the crowd hooted. Ryall tried to make a speech, but could not be heard. The crowd had increased in numbers to more than 5,000 when this bout concluded. While McGovern was generally regarded as a sure winner, and was favourite at 3 to 1, there was plenty of money wagered at evens that White would stay ten rounds. White's seconds were Jack Root, Joe Headman, Jack Cassidy, and Joe Fisher. His timekeeper was Herbert Rothery. McGovern's handlers were Sam Harris, Charley Mayhood, Terry Lee, and Andy Daly. Paddy Sullivan held the watch for him. The conditions were twenty-five rounds at 128lb, weigh in at ring-side. When they got upon the scales White was found to be half a pound over the required limit. McGovern, however, made no protest. "I'd take him on," he said, "if he was 2lb overweight." Terry weighed close to 124lb, and was in fine shape. White was trained to the hour, having been carefully prepared by his handlers. He was confident that he would stay the limit, to say nothing of ten rounds. While the crowd waited for the stars to appear the lights went out again, and the building was in total darkness once more. It was explained to the crowd that the wires were crossed, but it was said "on the quiet" that the former management owed the light company a bill and this means had been taken to collect the amount. For half an hour the crowd sat patiently in the dark, while a clever whistler entertained everybody with popular airs, which made many break into song. Just as the management was on the point of hanging gasolene lamps over the ring the electric lights began to splutter, and the crowd yelled with delight. The proper light was very slow in coming, however, and many despaired of seeing the fight at all. At 10.30 o'clock, after a gasolene lamp had been lighted and strapped to a ring post, the electrics flared up in the real way, and the fighters were notified to come into the ring. White came in first and got a cordial greeting. He wore black trunks and looked confident. McGovern followed with a flaring red sweater on. He wore pink trunks and a green belt. Joe Bernstein challenged the winner. So did "Kid" Broad, Oscar Gardner, and Eddie Gardner. Gus Ruhlin and Jack Root were also introduced. McGovern and White shook hands at 10.40 o'clock, after agreeing to box straight Queensberry rules. Round 1. McGovern forced the issue at once with feints, followed by a quick left swing to the neck. White stood away on the defensive, while Terry bored in with heavy swings that were for the most part avoided. As they were getting warmed up the lights went out again, and the crowd hissed and hooted. The men were sent to their corners and the gasolene lamps were sent for. One had been lighted and tied when the electrics burned again, and the fight proceeded. McGovern rushed with great power, and White began to clinch. Terry landed a smash on the neck and a punch in the body which sent White half down. When he was getting up Terry rushed but was warned to keep away. The bell found White on the defensive. Round 2. McGovern rushed at once with terrific swings. White blocked some and then clinched. Terry roughed it, and was warned for holding. McGovern rushed again, White jabbing him in the face with lefts and whipping a right in to the stomach. Still McGovern rushed, putting a hard right over the heart and receiving more facers in return. Terry never let up, however, but White blocked many swings, even though McGovern stuck close. Terry finally knocked White down with a left on the jaw, and as the Chicago man got up on the full count he was floored again just as the bell sounded. Round 3. McGovern rushed like a tiger. White held on in a clinch, and McGovern with a free hand knocked him down for nine seconds. As he got to his feet Terry rushed in with fearful blows, and White was floored twice more in rapid succession. White then braced, and with left and right upon the jaw he staggered McGovern, but Terry was steady in a second, and rushed again. He hammered White on the body and head with terrific force. White reeled, and McGovern saw his opportunity. He put the left to the neck and swung a right to the stomach. White sank to one knee with his back turned to the champion. He was in great distress, and as the referee counted off the seconds, White groaned audibly. He was still on one knee when the tenth second had been counted, and so McGovern was declared the winner. The time of the round was 1min 52sec.

TERRY McGOVERN SAYS:

NEW YORK, June 13.

Editor, THE MIRROR OF LIFE, London.

I never had the least doubt about the outcome of this fight with White, although to tell the truth I thought he would do better than he did. White is a very clever boxer, and with his advantage in height and reach I thought he would last longer than three rounds. All my fighting is done on the principle that a fighter can always whip a boxer, and this fight is another proof that that idea is correct. I am ready to defend the championship from all comers, so anyone looking for a chance need only let me know.

TERRY McGOVERN.

THE BEST MAN WON! SAYS TOMMY WHITE.

NEW YORK, June 13.

To the EDITOR of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

Terry McGovern is a fighting machine, and I have to acknowledge that the best man won. I expected to be able to hold him off and to win on points, but the Terrible Terry would not have it that way. I could easily reach him, but my blows did not hurt, and when he landed on me he landed like a pile-driver. His rushing is too strong for a successful defence, and the best I could do had very little effect on him.

TOMMY WHITE.

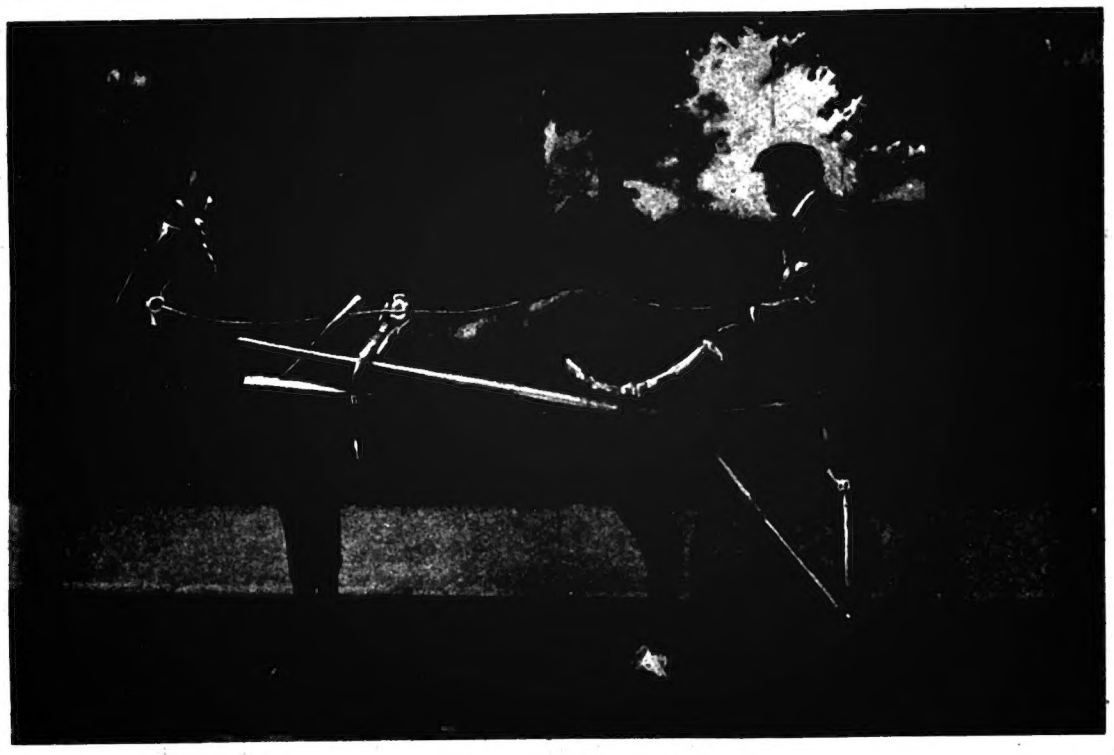
THE NUMEROUS FRIENDS AND admirers of Will Johnstone will regret to learn that owing to private matters he is compelled to cancel all his engagements from this date. His match in September, for which he was about to start training, is therefore off.

GEORGE DUNNY WILL MEET ANYbody in a week's time for Mr. Joe Smith's purse, George Spooney, Lambeth, preferred, and will guarantee them a side stake on the result.

I, GUNNER REED, LATE OF ST. George's, now of the Royal Garrison Artillery, hearing that there are so many 9st men in Scarborough, am willing to box anyone in Scarborough the best of twenty rounds at 8st 7lb, give or take 7lb, for £5 to £25 a-side and the beat purse offered. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will lead to a match.

ALBERT SMYTHE WILL BE pleased to box any lad (a novice) at 7st 6lb or under, and under sixteen years, for anything worth boxing for.

(*Continued on page* 10.)



"BLACKSMITH,"

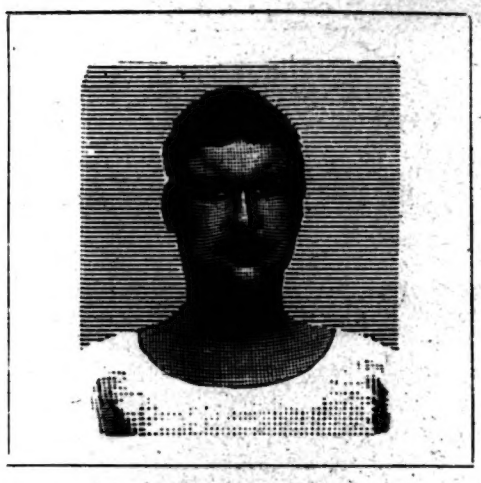
The Property of Mr. John Cook, of the Fishmongers' Arms, Wood Green, Owner Up, Previous to his Recent Trotting Match with "Pretty Girl."

CHILD NEARLY STRANGLED TO DEATH.

A Careless Nurse Girl and her Charge.

AN OLD LADY ROUTS THE LOAFERS.

Weary Willies Could Not Stand her Tongue.

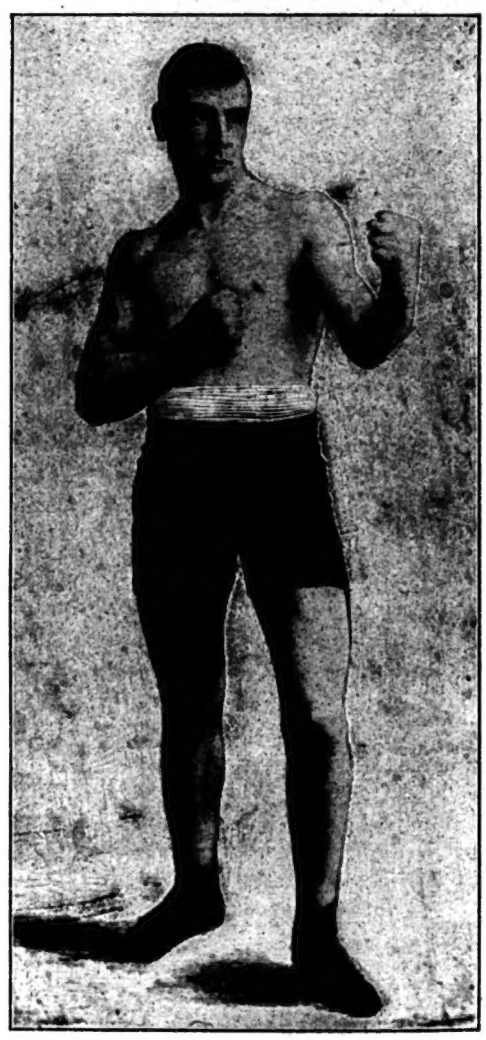


FRED JANES,

The Well-known Heavy-weight Boxer, who Died Recently at Bloemfontein, South Africa.

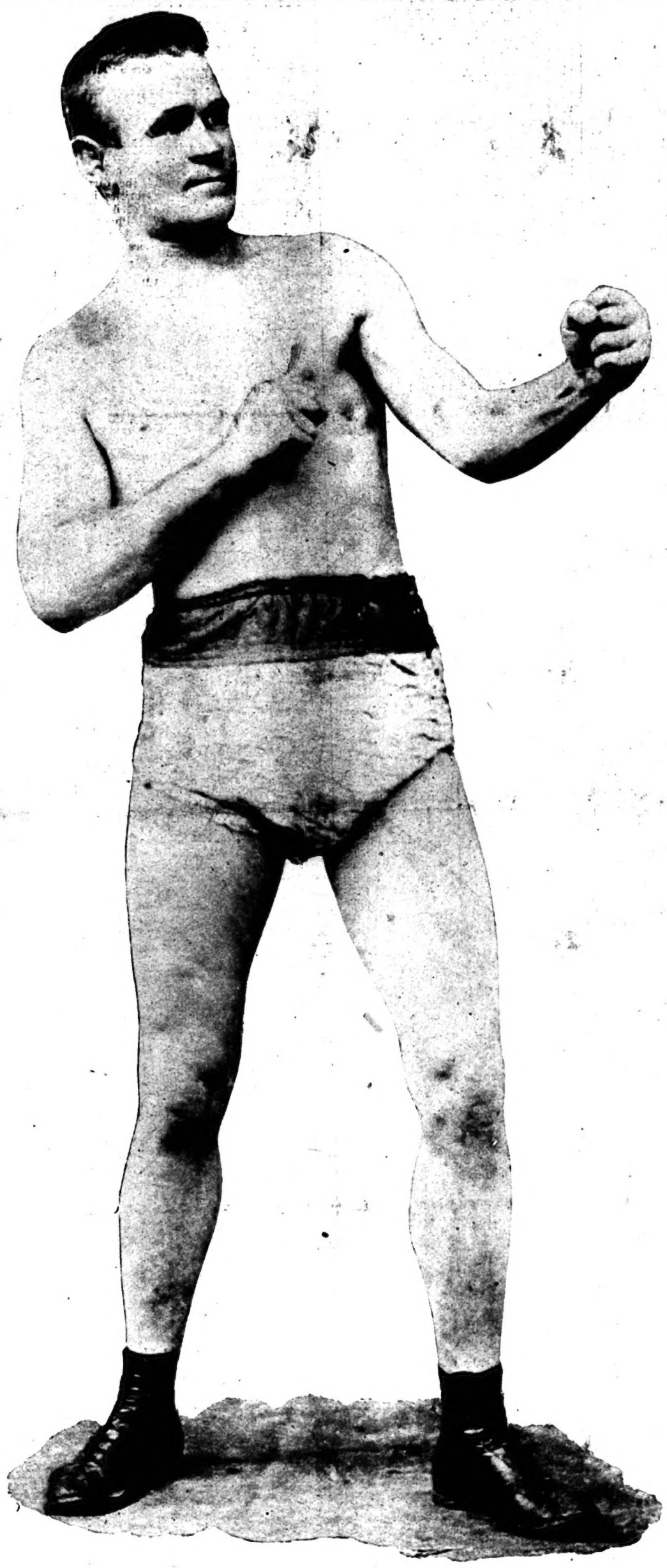
JAMES KENDALL,

The Crack Pigeon-Shot, with his Favourite Hound "Oom Paul."



JACK O'DONNELL ("YOUNG SHARKEY"),

Who Recently Arrived from Boston, U.S.A., is Open to Meet any 10st 10lb Man in England.



CAPTURE OF JEM HOLLOWAY.

Pugilist and Adjutant in the Boer Army.

(*Continued from Page* 7.)

BOXING AT BOB HABBIJAM'S.

HOW TWO DISSENTIENT TRADESMEN SETTLED THEIR DIFFERENCES.

IF WE WERE ASKED WHERE WE had seen most human claret broached, after a very long experience we should say at Bob Habbijam's, and it came about thus wise. Two *honest* tradesmen, whom we shall call Joe and Jack, once upon a time kept a repository for mackintoshes in a street in the W.C. district, where they received the patronage of all the sports in the locality, including the "Guv'nor." "There Will Come a Time Some Day," says the song, and there came a time in the affairs of the mackintosh repository when each pard became a bit suspicious of the other. Joe, thinking Jack was having a bit the best of the business, and Jack thinking Joe had more up his sleeve than he (Jack) was aware of—

> A little spark will fire a town,
> A flash of lightning kill,
> A very little incident
> 'Twas brought about this mill.

Stock disappeared from the emporium in a most mysterious manner. Jack looked at Joe and Joe looked at Jack until suspicion haunts the guilty mind. What this suspicion would have led to we know not, until one day the two pards, with more "Macks" than were necessary for a summer's day, happened to meet not in a repository but in a *de*pository, the proprietor of which is usually termed Uncle. Here was the key to the riddle. Now was understood the mysterious disappearance of the stock. Now was clear, where, before this meeting in the lobby of their common uncle, all had been previously dark. What terrible tragedy might have ensued we know not. But the "Guv'nor," who is a thorough sport and Bob Habbijam's foremost patron, hearing of the unfortunate rencontre, suggested that he should provide a massive silver cup, and that the pards should fight their grievances out like Englishmen, the big silver cup to go to the winner as a memento of the event, and the venue to be Bob Habbijam's seminary. The news getting about that a fight in which there was a deal of personal feeling was about to take place, the boxing seminary was well filled, mostly by what boxers term the right sort—men who had dined and were present in their dinner dress.

When these *honest* tradesmen entered the ring, one being exceedingly stout, weighing at least seventeen or eighteen stone, and the other of more slender build, whose reputation as a performer had preceded him, weighed between ten and eleven stone. Said Bob, in his small facetious way, "Gentlemen, how many rounds would you like to fight? Twelve, twenty, or to a finish?" Bob had an eye to business, and wished to give his patrons some sport, so he did not name any lesser number of rounds. The pair of tradesmen, now that they were brought in sight of towels, sponges, bowls of water, and an acre of white fronts and sparklers, seemed to realise the seriousness of the situation, and did not appear nearly so anxious for each other's blood as eventually proved to be the case; and with characteristic modesty chose the lesser number of rounds. Most persons present expected to see Jack, who had the reputation of being an expert boxer, make an exhibition of the fat and ponderous Joe. Jack's boxing was certainly not up to his reputation. Such reputation must have come from the clouds, for fat Joe showed every time he made a blow—a movement which could have been easily stopped by the merest tyro in boxing. Yet Jack managed to stop them with his face, with the result that newspapers had to be requisitioned by the spectators. We will not go into further particulars than to say that Joe eventually won after ten of the twelve rounds had been negotiated; and we think that this little go between these *honest* tradesmen resulted in more claret being broached than in any other contest of the same duration in the annals of modern boxing.

We were reminded of the then and now by the half-round contest which took place at the above institution on Thursday evening between George Smyrk, of Islington, and Bill Brady, of Barnsbury. It is really surprising how pro.'s, supposed to be used to take a punch and give one, cave in the moment they are struck, while the two *honest* tradesmen we have above described travel through ten sanguinary rounds. Details: George Smyrk (Islington) beat Bill Brady (Barnsbury) for £10.—Round 1 and last. On stepping to the centre the former looked much bigger than his rival, who prior to starting refused to accept £6 to £5 about his chance. Smyrk was the first to lead with a left-hander on the chest. This brought about a clinch, and they were ordered to break away, an appeal which was acted upon without delay. After this Smyrk displayed superior cleverness, and after cleverly working his antagonist across the ring drove the left on the month with plenty of force. A melee occurred before Brady clenched his rival's right arm tightly to avoid punishment. He acknowledged the referee's caution in terms of unusual politeness, and went about his business in a none too dangerous manner. Smyrk timed his deliveries nicely, and after making a couple of visits to the chest and ribs, he took part in a short rally, and did fairly well. A few moments later the Islington youth sent the left hard on the ribs, and drawing back, allowed his opponent to rush at him. While so doing Brady met a severe jolt on the chin, which sent him clean on the boards, and the latter's headpiece hitting the floor with great force, he was rendered unconscious until the expiration of the allotted time, when Smyrk was declared the winner. Eight Rounds Contest: Mike Moreland (Drury Lane) beat Bill Ray (St. James's).—Ray was the shorter and lighter. They opened at a quick rate, and after exchanging left-handers, the St. James's lad crossed his adversary with the right, and sent him to the floor. Moreland rose promptly, and then ensued a series of fast rallies. Ray was the stronger, but nearing the interval let up a trifle, and Mike, using both hands, nearly got on terms. Following the rest they renewed their fierce work, which for some time was of an even character. Mike swung the right while his opponent was about to retreat, and the latter nearly lost his balance. Steadying himself, subsequently returned to the attack, and after visiting the ribs with the left sent in a smashing facer with the other glove. A number of exciting rallies followed, but with his extra strength Bill more than held his own. The third round was again heavily contested. Ray at outfighting did well (but when at close quarters Moreland asserted himself), and getting well under his rival's guard landed high on the cheek. The blow, which sent Moreland swiftly to the ropes, had a demoralising effect. Quickly recovering the latter made play in punishing fashion, and scoring well with both hands he increased his lead. Ray got home two splendid lefts on the nose. The fifth and sixth meetings were productive of further heavy exchanges, and the last of these wound up with a fierce exchange of blows at close quarters. Ray stood up unflinchingly, and finally crossed with the right, and they fell to the boards together. Moreland opened the seventh round with a stinging facer, but was slow to get away, and met both hands hard on the ribs. Moreland continued the stronger and towards the end of the eighth round he put in a number of body hits. Ray tired under the heavy pressure, but managed to last out until the end. He made a plucky effort, but all to no purpose, as the verdict went to Moreland. Four Rounds Contest: Tom Cooper (Islington) v. Willie Howard (Kingsland).—The last mentioned made the most of his extra reach, which counterbalanced his opponent's additional weight. Soon after commencing Willie was pushed over, but on rising he did well, and on going to his seat held a lead. The second round opened much quieter, until the Islingtonian was floored from a hard drive on the mouth. They kept well employed until the end of the third stage, when both were bleeding at the mouth. Howard made good use of a capital left hand, and with Cooper's slow movements the former was seen to good advantage. They battled along in fine style until the finish, but Howard always did most execution. No decision was given. Four Rounds Display: Dave Morbin (Walworth) and Harry Ashley (Bermondsey).—Those scientific exponents indulged in some fine exchanges during their stay. Harry's long shots proved very effective, and when at close range he made use of the now popular "kidney" blow. Morbin improved as the set-to advanced, and they retired amidst hearty applause.

BENEFIT TO TED PHILLIPS, OF Birmingham.—On Monday evening at the Greyhound Assembly Rooms, Birmingham, Ted Phillips, one of the most respected boxers in the Midlands, was accorded a testimonial benefit. Ted has not been in the best of health of late, and it is pleasing to be able to state that his friends rallied round him in such able fashion that the large building proved too small for intending spectators. Professor Quickman, of Manchester, presided, and the programme bristled with interesting turns, every item being well received. Phillips will do well from the venture financially.

DAN YOUNG, OF DUBLIN, WRITES a letter far too long for publication in which he states he will meet Jack Guyon for a £10 purse in Dublin, and will meet Dewale or McDonagh for £5 or £10 a-side.

THE EAST-END CARNIVAL AND Boxers.—In the East-end Carnival to-day and to-morrow (Wednesday and Thursday) a car representing the ring—two boxers showing the art of self-defence, with their seconds in the corners—will be shown. The M.C., Ben Harris, and the promoter, Joe Smith, will be seated around the arena. The seconds are Ted Ware and Albert Dixon.

THE HACKNEY CARNIVAL.

THE NOBLE ART UNREPRESENTED.

KNIFTON BROTHERS AND SOME REMINISCENCES.

"DEATH OF BRITANNIA."

THERE ARE SCRAPPERS ENOUGH in all conscience in Hackney and its vicinity to have filled a boxing car and have made it one of the spectacles of the carnival. There are more boxing celebrities in the borough of Hackney than out of it. There is "Toff" Wall, "Dido" Plumb, the brothers George and Fred Johnson, Bill Day, Jem Kenrick, the Poulters, Ned Ryan, Pat Daley, "Ginger" Osborne, and others too numerous to mention, and yet with such a crowd of its followers living in the borough the noble art was entirely unrepresented. We are more surprised at this, as old Ben Hyams, or "Uncle Ben," as he is called, was one of the prime movers of the carnival, and the show started each evening from his son's, Harry Hyams' pub. the Railway Tavern, situated at the corner of the Amhurst Road. It was Ben Hyams who promoted the boxing at the Agricultural Hall and also at Sadler's Wells, and yet, with the exception of Jack Welland, of Hackney, there is not one scrapper in the procession, although the neighbourhood is full of old members of the profession, such as Young Baldock, of Islington (now of Hackney), Charley Fuller, of Kingsland, the brother of Tom King, the once champion of England, and many more. Women dressed as nurses were present in galore; to every wounded man and doctor as represented in the cars were at least six females dressed as nurses, in fact, there was a plague of women. Harris's scouts took the cake as the best equipped and the best mounted men in the show. Harris is a patriotic butcher in Mare Street, and, in addition to equipping his men as scouts, he had, prior to the carnival, killed a large boar pig, which was placed aloft on a car—a metaphorical representation of the South African Boer. In the body of this huge pig was inserted a light, which shone through the animal's eyes and lent a gruesome appearance to the show.

The late Jack Knifton's five brothers took part in the carnival, one—a young giant—was mounted on a splendid charger capable of bearing "Jolly Jumbo." After shaking hands and speaking of old times we said, stroking the charger. "Do you remember the dust-cart horse?"

Brother Knifton replied, "This is no dust-cart horse, this is the horse I ride in the Yeomanry."

This brother was evidently too young to remember the dust cart and horse which the Brothers Knifton, Charley, Joe, and Dave (this latter committed suicide), took from their father-in-law's dust yard and placed on it the ropes and stakes, which the brothers had made over night to be used in the contest between their brother Jack and Jem Smith, besides sundries in the shape of revolvers, knuckle-dusters, &c. This dust-cart horse must be long since dead, but his deeds should live in song and story like Turpin's Black Bess of old. Dragging a heavy dust-cart in which sat the three brothers Knifton and ourselves, we made the journey from Dalston to Croydon, "well-appointed broughams" breaking down on the road. We—that is, the dust-cart—were chased through Croydon to Caterham Valley by the police; a horse-patrol's nag riding behind the cart had his nose right over the implements of warfare. (What a find this would have proved). When we stopped to have a drink in Caterham Valley at a pub situated at the bottom of the steep ascent, a policeman was placed by his superior officer at the door to watch our movements. "You go back by train," said the Brothers Knifton. "No," we replied; "we have come here with you, and we will go back with you." We knew we could not go back by the Croydon Road, so replenishing our drinking flask at the pub we ascended the almost perpendicular hill leading from the valley, followed by the policeman. When our dust-cart horse reached the top we had glasses round and raised them in the direction of the ascending policeman. After this Dave, who was driving, sent the horse along over cross-country to Banstead Downs, never stopping until we arrived at Sutton. This happened in the warm weather and there were no fires in the various Sutton hostelries. Nearly starving, prog became a necessity. What were we to do? Necessity knows no law, so the three brothers Knifton went on a foraging expedition. Dave went to the butchers for rump steaks, Joe went for bread, and Charley went for wood to light the fire. The telegraph had been circulated concerning the dust-cart, so we dared not negotiate anything but in an out of the way spot. The wood was piled on in the tap-room grate and set merrily ablaze, the steaks were put in the frying-pan, and the bread was cut up. Supplemented by some jugs of ale, hungry as hunters, we needed no silver grill or cinder fire, but consumed the rump steaks hot from the frying-pan, while the dust-cart horse was resting. After this meal the horse was brought out of the stable and we then made our way back to Dalston. The horse, dragging a dust-cart, ropes, and stakes, &c., had accomplished a journey of nearly sixty miles during this memorable day, and was neither sick nor sorry. We may mention that Jack Knifton's sisters were equally as enthusiastic over this fight as their brothers; and as we were at that time running a paper representing fair play as opposed to the partial tactics of some of the sporting liners advocating the claims of Jem Smith, when customers came into their father-in-law's pub, the Albion, Dalston, and asked for the two sporting dailies they would say, "We have not those, but we have this" (handing the customer our paper). If the Brothers Knifton see these lines it will remind them of old times, for we think their memory is still green on the subject. Jack Knifton's father-in-law, Harry Crane, a contractor for the dust of Hackney and surrounding villages, was as keen on this contest as the younger generation, and at a family dinner which we attended after the contest which was to be, and ended in the ignominious capture of the pantechnicon van, he expressed to us his sentiments on the subject.

A most regrettable incident in the procession was the death of the young lady who represented Britannia. In the terribly inclement night of Thursday, scantily clad, she unfortunately took cold, a cold which developed pneumonia, and within the week she was dead. Those whom the gods love die young. The lady in question was most amiable and charming, and her death has cast a gloom over the entire borough of Hackney.

The carnival was held on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and its object was to collect funds for the widows and orphans of the reservists of Hackney and the *Daily Telegraph* Fund, and among others who took part in its promotion was the notorious Horatio Bottomley, owner of racehorses, newspaper proprietor, and candidate for the suffrages of the Hackney electors at the next general election.

The procession was a moving panorama, which took from three-quarters to an hour's time to pass before the expectant eyes of the big crowd which assembled on its route. There were no fewer than 201 coaches, cars, four-in-hands, and traps, all lavishly decorated, following which were a detachment of no less than 600 cyclists, all in fancy costume, on highly decorated machines. First was an Old Times coach and costumes by Messrs. Nethercote and Penfold, seated by whose side we noticed Joe Dabbs. Then our attention was called to a fine show by the Tower Hamlets Engineers (the late Colonel North's regiment). Item No. 12.—Fire engine, programmed to be driven by Mr. Ben Hyams, but Uncle Ben's coachman having the seat of honour. "Long Tom," escorted by the brothers of the late Jack Knifton (the genial 81-tonner), had a great reception all along the route. Early in Section B came a four-in-hand, with Horatio Bottomley as whip, preceded by postillions. Shortly after followed a contingent of nine jockeys, among whom we noticed that good sportsman, Johnny Elliott, and young Alf Cohen, the son of Joe Cohen, the Kingsland fruiterer, following which came a handsomely decorated phaeton, drawn by four ponies driven by Morris Nelson. Bob Bear had a pretty decorated car, representing "Army Butchers." Early in Section C was found a car illustrative of "Defenders of our Empire," by members of the Trojan Athletic Club. Messrs. Carwardine and Wells had a gymnastic car just in front of the Essex Express coach, driven by Harry Balls. Item 96 was a car representing "An Old English Whist Party," formed by Harry Hyams, Clara Hyams, Geo. Gude, Mr. Goldings, Jack Welland (the ex-boxer), Jem Smelley, Mr. Waller, and C. Allen. This car was preceded by Arthur and Miss Edie Hyams (Harry's daughter) dressed as hunter and huntress in old English costumes and escorted by four pierrots on donkeys. Following this came a four-in-hand driven by Jem Wilkie, accompanied by his bookie pal, George Wade, Arthur Wade, Phil Castang, Bill Goodchild (Duke of Wellington, Stonebroke Common), Jack Crackling, and others. T. R. Dewar, the racehorse owner, followed in another four-in-hand with a party of sporting friends. Later on in Section F came an emblematical car manned by members of the Neptune Swimming Club, but the noble art was nowhere represented. It is not generally known that the family tomb of Baden-Powell, the hero of Mafeking, is in Old Hackney Churchyard, the shadow of the old tower falling athwart the tomb. Baden-Powell's ancestor was a captain in the Hackney Volunteers in the early part of the present century, when "Boney" was the dreaded word to frighten babies and Britishers.

YOUNG JOE FARRELL, A WELL-known bantam boxer some years ago in London, and son of the pugilistic introducer, Old Joe Farrell, writes from Harper Ferry Hotel, Blaydon on Tyne:—I beg to inform you that I am training R. Dunn, of Emma Vale, who is to box R. Short, of Spen, for £75 at Jem Lowes, Hexham House, Newcastle, on July 2. We are training from the above address, which is presided over by Harry Dawson, one of the foremost in the ranks of sprinters and trainers.

BOXING AT WEST HARTLEPOOL.

ON SATURDAY NIGHT THERE WAS a record attendance at the Circus, Lynn Street, to witness the excellent programme submitted by the West Hartlepool Gymnasium. The energetic committee have spared no effort to make boxing popular in the Hartlepools, and it is pleasing to find their labour appreciated. They have incurred considerable expense in erecting a new stage—it is 17ft square, raised 6in above the floor, and covered with stout canvas. It is a credit to the builders, Messrs. Herdman and Brown, to have turned out such a neat workmanlike job. The boxing did not come up to the standard that admirers of boxing like to see. The contest, Clarke v. Pearce, was expected to be the choicest bit of the evening, but both lads, throwing science aside, went for each other hurricane fashion, which they kept up for eight rounds, when Clarke went down and out. However, this contest fairly brought down the house. The popular M.C., Mr. F. Watt, had a hard task to keep the audience in hand. The 10st 4lb competition only brought four men together. Only a moderate lot considering the prize, a massive silver cup, which was practically a gift to the winner, Williamson, who is a strong aggressive boxer, with plenty of staying power. The prettiest bit of work was seen in the contest, for silver watch and chain, between Powell and Cockfield. Both lads put in some clever work, and although Cockfield was perhaps outclassed, he will improve and will be heard of again. The prizes were afterwards presented by Mr. Alex. Adamson, one of the vice-presidents of the club. The officials were: Mr. W. Ridling, vice-president of the club, in the chair; referee, Mr. J. Fitzpatrick; timekeeper, Mr. McArthur; M.C., Mr. L. Watt; seconds, Messrs. Dood, Storer, Fitzpatrick, Crossley, Morton, Gibbon. The committee of the W.H. Gymnasium hope to be able to bring off one more competition before closing for the season, after which they contemplate several improvements at the club, and will no doubt go ahead stronger than ever next season. Details: The principal event of the evening was a twelve rounds match between William Pearce and Tommy Clarke, both of West Hartlepool, for £10 a-side, a £15 purse, and the 9st championship of the Hartlepools. There was also a 10st 4lb competition for local lads, the prize being a silver cup, with a medal for the runner-up, and an eight round contest at 8st 2lb between "Sack" Powell and Jack Cockfield. Tom Williamson and William Mitchell met in the first tie of the cup competition. From the start it was clear that the latter had no chance, and he was quickly knocked out with a right hand swing on the point of the chin, the round barely lasting a minute. J. Raikes, of Hartlepool, and J. Pratt, of West Hartlepool, came together in the second tie, and they fought the full four rounds. The first two were fairly evenly contested, but in the third Pratt beat Raikes all over the ring, and had him at his mercy when the gong sounded. The final round was also in Pratt's favour, and he secured the right to enter the final tie against Williamson. Six rounds were to have been fought in the final, but Williamson set to work in deadly earnest, and floored Pratt twice in quick succession, the second time with a heavy swing on the jaw, which placed him hors de combat, Williamson thus winning the competition in two short rounds. The contest between "Sack" Powell and Jack Cockfield, for a silver watch and albert, was next proceeded with, the points in the first round being about equally divided. The second round was almost all sparring, and again the men came out on level terms. In the third Powell did most of the scoring, Cockfield acting chiefly on the defensive. The fourth round was evenly fought until near the close, when Cockfield, who appeared to have most staying power, had the best of closing exchanges. The fifth round proved to be the last, and Powell, who had revived wonderfully under the care of his seconds, scored rapidly. In the end he stretched his opponent on the boards with a swing, and Cockfield failing to rise in time, the verdict went to Powell. This cleared the way for the main item, the contest between Pearce and Clarke. Pearce had for his seconds Messrs. Fitzpatrick, Crossley, and Morton, while Messrs. Gibbon, Gray, and Storer acted for Clarke. Round 1. Clarke opened in a most vigorous fashion, and beat Pearce to the ropes, eventually flooring him with a right-hand swing, and only the call of time saved the latter from being counted out. Round 2 was more evenly contested, but little of note was done by either of the men. Round 3. In this round Pearce at the outset beat his opponent to the ropes, but Clarke later did much execution with right swings and left jabs. The latter missing with a heavy swing, Pearce countered with a force that sent Clarke groggy, but he recovered quickly, and a well-placed body blow sent Pearce to the floor as the gong sounded. Round 4 was very exciting, and there was a good deal of heavy slogging on both sides. Pearce went down twice to right hand jabs from Clarke, who, as the round closed, made a heavy lunge for the point, but failed. Round 5. Pearce came round wonderfully, and forced the fighting. He beat Clarke to the ropes, and the latter slipped to the boards. As he rose Pearce made a swing with the right, but Clarke warded it, and got in a "Darby," which nearly settled Pearce, and the gong sounded. Round 6 was decidedly in favour of Pearce, Clarke now showing signs of wear. Round 7. Pearce did all the fighting in this round, and tried several times for the point, finally flooring Clarke, who was saved by the sound of time. Round 8 and last. Pearce opened in a most determined fashion, and Clarke was twice floored, but rose again. He fell again, however, to a swinging blow on the jaw, and was counted out. During the intervals between the principal events a three rounds sparring exhibition was given by Jemmy Wallace, of Openshaw, the 7st 4lb champion of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and "Spot" Hanley, 7st champion of Hartlepool, and another between two smart boys, who were given on the programme as "the West Hartlepool Midgets."

JACK GOLDSWAIN'S BENEFIT.—Jack Goldswain, of Bermondsey, is a name that attracts all on the Surrey side of the Thames, and had the Star Music Hall been twice as big it would have been packed last Thursday when Jack was accorded a benefit. How time flies is easily seen as champion after champion, after fighting hard to get to the topmost rung of the ladder, gradually are forced by the younger generation down the other side. Many cases of the above could be mentioned, the two blacks particularly, as they were undoubtedly the cleverest of their day. Peter Jackson, who was absolutely the champion of champions, when he ought to be enjoying the fruits of his early battles, again took to the ring, and the younger and stronger man won. George Dixon, the hero of hundreds of battles, kept on the game, and this week we read the old story of youth and strength against age. Goldswain is one of the cleverest fighters in England, and during the short time he has been on the warpath has defeated, among others, Alf Garrett, Bill Wood (Clapton), Charley Ingram, Dick Tiddiman, Ernie Veitch, Jack Roberts, &c. Pencillers by the score were present to assist Jack after his illness, and time was too short to allow much boxing or a parlour scene. Rough and ready well describes the audience in the cheaper parts of the building, but they are not as critical as they are at the Variety in Hoxton. Though a fair music-hall company were in evidence, bar a few they would not have been tolerated at the East-end resorts. Kate Carney was the star turn and over her splendid war song, "Only a Bugler Boy," the audience went wild, and three songs was her portion to the entertainment. Dan Thomas and Will Crackles went great as usual, and paid the cheerful penalty. The pictures from the front went well, though the dazzling light is anything but beneficial to the eyes. Will Morton also went down well. Besides the thirteen turns boxing took place, the first pair introduced by the M.C. and timekeeper, Jack Spence, being George Baxter and Jack Goldswain, Charley Exall and Harry Jones acting as seconds. The bout was well received, and if a couple of lads were engaged to spar every night it would be doing a good turn to the hall, boxing, and the audience. Patsey Haley and Tom Ireland showed how battles are won and lost, Ireland's clever head work meeting with its just reward. Ben Jordan arrived too late to spar, but was introduced amid great applause. Alf Garrett came in for the same delightful sensation. The Brothers Leyton, two midgets in pink and blue, sparred three rounds. Pink was the stronger, but should be taught that round hitting is not in the same street with a straight punch, and the left hand of blue generally reached his face. When Goldswain is in his usual good health he is to be pitted against Tom Ireland, and the betting should be 11 to 10 on who you like to back. A grand battle is sure to be seen, and we shall be there.

BOXING AT HUDDERSFIELD.—Professor Gal Hague's boxing show was well patronised on Wednesday last, when a 9st competition was set down for decision. In the first series results as follows: Frank Hill beat Harry Woods, two rounds; Frank Kaye beat Joseph Kaye, two rounds; W. Bryant sparred a bye with Clarke, of Leeds. In the second series Frank Kay retired, leaving Hill and Bryant in the final, which was full of interest throughout. Hill gained the decision amidst tremendous applause. During the entertainment Jack Pearson (Manchester), 7st 4lb champion of England, who acted as referee, and Harry Brown (Liverpool), coloured champion, sparred three scientific rounds, which greatly pleased the onlookers.

MARTIN v. LIDSTONE.—FRED Martin will meet Tom Lidstone at Mr. Baker's, Tradesmen's Arms, next Saturday, June 27, at nine o'clock, as he (Lidstone) did not state when he would meet me there. I hope it will be convenient for him to show up, and no doubt a match can be arranged.

ANDREW WOOD, OF GATES-head, is now managing the Excelsior Gymnasium at Maritime Street, Stockton-on-Tees, and hopes to keep the game alive. Will be able to give good purses to good lads.

BOXING AT THE KENNINGTON SOCIAL.

A "MEMORY" OF THE PAST.

A HOT NIGHT IN SUMMER IN A low ceilinged room at the top of a house is not the best place to enjoy boxing, but the assembled lovers of boxing forgot their discomfort in the attention they gave the sport provided for them by the lessee of the above show—Mr. George Harris. Time was when boxers fought in this sky parlour for fortunes; but late hours, excitement, and champagne put millionaires under hatches as well as "poor Tom Bowlings." The two "A.'s," who did their best to make boxers forget who they were, and led them by their large gratuities to imagine they were princes of the earth (Aylesbury and Abington), passed over to the great majority when collegiate students are just leaving college. Some men die and leave no one to regret them, but boxers who lived in the halcyon days of Aylesbury and "Abington" are full of regrets at the loss of their patrons, and sigh for the days that shall greet them no more; while others, knowing nothing of better things, take what the modern promoter thinks proper to offer, and are thankful if he does not mizzle and leave the boxer like Lord Ullin's daughter—lamenting. Although the weather was hot and the saloon rather sultry, so good was the sport that every spectator waited until the close of a very excellent two hours' entertainment. In this respect they were fortunate, as the last contest between Wright and Pereira was a clinking good bout. The latter knew but little of the game, but possesses a very dangerous right, which Wright respected so much that his form deteriorated. However, Wright, a good but by no means a clever man, scored freely, and dealt out some warm lefts to his opponent, who is a glutton for punishment. Had Pereira started boxing earlier he might have made a name. A little science, added to his undoubted strength, has helped to make the name of boxers before to-day. Six Rounds Contests: Sunny Wellings beat Jem Crockett.—Wellings, the taller lad of the two, failed to gain any advantage by this, his opponent, a sturdy little man, being a nice two-handed boxer. Now and again the big boy swung his left, but invariably missed his mark, and at the end of the third round, up to which period there had been a number of hard blows exchanged with very little defensive play, there was nothing to choose between them. The bout was bitterly contested until the close, the last round finding them going it hammer and tongs. From a left on the jaw Crockett went down, and then on rising just before time, napping one on the mark again, went to mother earth. Time came immediately afterwards, Wellings receiving the award. Charley Smirks beat "Ginger" Owen.—Two lads of the gas-pipe order, Owen more so than his opponent. He knew more of the business on hand than Smirks, but the latter on occasion made a neat stop. Two rounds progressed with a slight advantage accruing to "Ginger" who, with a left on the jaw, appeared likely to settle matters early. However, Smirks possessed excellent recuperative powers, and boxed well, but was woefully behind on points at the end of the fourth round. Smirks, a strong lad, persevered to the end, but fell further behind, although at the close he received the verdict from the referee. Charley Exall beat Harry Slough.—Both lads are smart, but did not show their best form. As a matter of fact there appeared to be a certain amount of friendly feeling between them from the manner in which they smiled at each other, and failed to exert themselves in the slightest degree. The contest, which was purely farcical, progressed until the fourth round, with no advantage resting with either man, and for the matter of that when time was called only a slight lead rested with Exall, who had done most of the leading, which gained him the award. Eight Rounds Contest: Charley Wright beat Arthur Pereira.—Pereira, who had had but little experience, showed himself sadly deficient of tactics. As a consequence Wright, who had a bit the best of height, kept dashing in with the left, and at the end of the second round had secured a lead. However, in the third, out of some work at close range, Pereira got the right home heavily on his man's head, and caused him to go slow. However, in the fourth Wright again went away, although next time with the left on the mark, the right on the body, and a few more on the head, Pereira took a deal out of his opponent. When they came up for the sixth round both were blown, but from thence to the finish Wright, although tired, did the better, and earned the verdict after a slashing set-to.

RICHARDGILLMOND IS SURPRISED to see Will Booth has challenged to ride him, but in answer to Will Booth's challenge, I, Richard Gillmond, will ride him from a mile to five miles from £20 a-side up to £50 or any part of £50. Or I have a friend who will ride anyone of the gang on any reasonable terms. Business only meant.

ALF BARNARD, HAVING HAD A LONG rest, would like to box Serjeant-Major Twinham or anyone in the North of England any number of rounds at from 9st 10lb to 10st for the best purse offered.

OSCAR GARDNER DEFEATS EDDIE BARRETT.

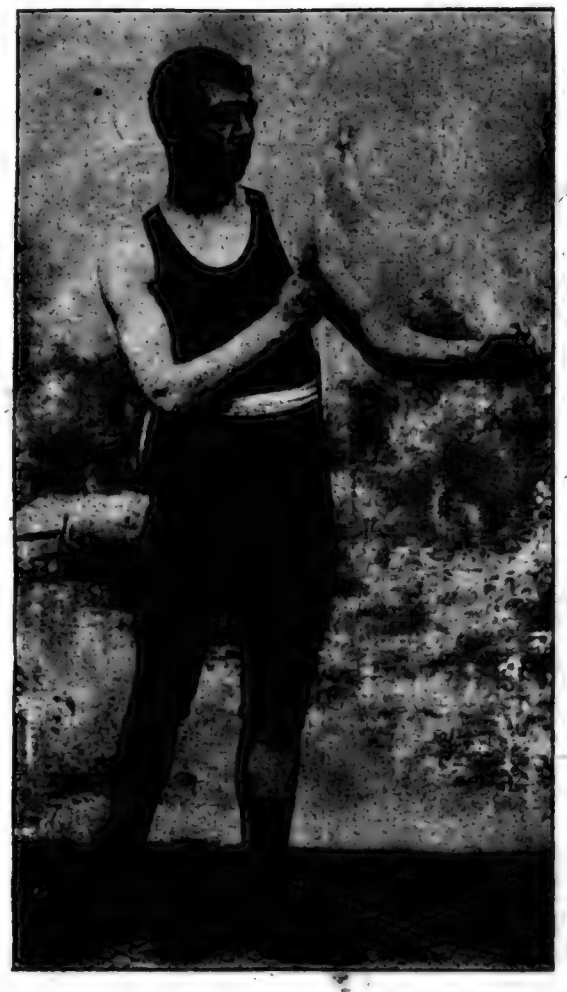
(From Our Own Correspondent at the Ring Side.)

NEW YORK, JUNE 16, 1900.—Oscar Gardner, a sick man with a broken right hand and in no condition to fight, defeated Eddie Barrett last night, in fifteen rounds, at the Broadway Athletic Club. Oscar took the place of his brother Eddie, whose train from Wheeling, W.Va., was five hours late. Gardner fought eighteen rounds at leveland a few nights ago. His right hand was broken when he entered the ring. He was thin and sick-looking, but he made Barrett look like a novice. The fight resembled nothing so much as a boxing instructor putting one of his pupils through his paces. Gardner was, of course, a prohibitive favourite over Barrett in the betting. Gardner's seconds were Andy Walsh, Frank Collyer, and Louis Green. Barrett's handlers were "Al" Murray, Eddie Hudson, Jack Leddy, and Mike Doyle. The conditions were twenty-five rounds at catch-weights, Queensberry rules. Gardner, with guard down, received half a dozen facers with the left without paying any attention to them. Then he began to mix it, and Barrett was floored with a stomach punch. He jumped up and Gardner drew the blood from his mouth with a couple of swings. A moment before the bell Barrett was sent down again, and while on one knee he hit Gardner in the jaw with a wild swing that made the crowd laugh. Barrett was allowed to lead continually for the first minute of the second round. Then Gardner sailed in with a volley of punches that made Barrett drop to his knees. When they got at it again there was a warm mix-up in which both fell heavily. Gardner had his man on the defensive at the gong. Barrett was more confident in the third round, and also did considerable rou,,ing. Gardner took his time, however, and put in blows that were always effective. The men fell again together in a clinch, causing more merriment. Barrett was knocked to a knee with a clean left swing on the jaw in the fourth round, but Gardner did not hurry matters, being contented with fancy sparring. In the fifth round Barrett received more solid belts on the head, and began to rough it, possibly with the idea of losing on a foul. Gardner's left eye was bruised before the round ended. Barrett was knocked down hard in the sixth round with a left in the stomach. He rolled over as if out, but got up in time to finish the round with constant clinching. Barrett was all right in the seventh round, and Gardner took no chances. The latter blocked nearly all of his opponent's leads in easy fashion. Barrett mixed it in the eighth round, but every time he received a solid punch, either on the head or the body, he dropped to his knees. Once he shook Gardner with a series of swings on the head, but that was all. Barrett landed a number of lefts in the face during the ninth round. Gardner, however, got in several lefts to the body that perceptibly weakened the local fighter and made him stay away. Gardner used his left almost exclusively in the tenth round, and Barrett was floored again. Both tumbled down late: while in a hard mix in a corner. Gardner's blows were twice as powerful as those of his opponent. Gardner administered a hard punching in the eleventh round, and Barrett was warned for dropping without getting a clean knock-down. Gardner's blocking was the feature of the twelfth round. Barrett did not land an effective blow, while Gardner kept on reaching objective points whenever he tried. Barrett improved in the thirteenth round, but Gardner had things his own way. If he could have hit with his usual power he would have ended matters at any time he saw fit. Barrett rallied long enough in the thirteenth round to stagger Gardner with a right-hander on the jaw. But as soon as Gardner warmed up Barrett kept dropping to his knees until the crowd hissed him. Barrett was disqualified in the fifteenth for dropping again without receiving a blow. The time of the round was 1min 11sec.

TOM IRELAND WISHES TO INFORM Russell that he does not think it fit to box a champion eight rounds for a purse, but he is willing to make a match with him to box twenty rounds for £100 a-side. Ireland will fight Russell as soon as he likes. Tom Ireland would like to meet Jack Goldswain at Joe Smith's (the Queen Victoria) to make arrangements to box for the purse offered. If Goldswain will appoint a place for meeting Ireland will be there sharp to time.

STOKER J. DORNEY SEEING that W. Brooks, of Hoxton, was successful over "Nutty" Williams, of Bethnal Green, will box him the best of ten rounds if Joe Smith will give a suitable purse worth training for. Business only meant.

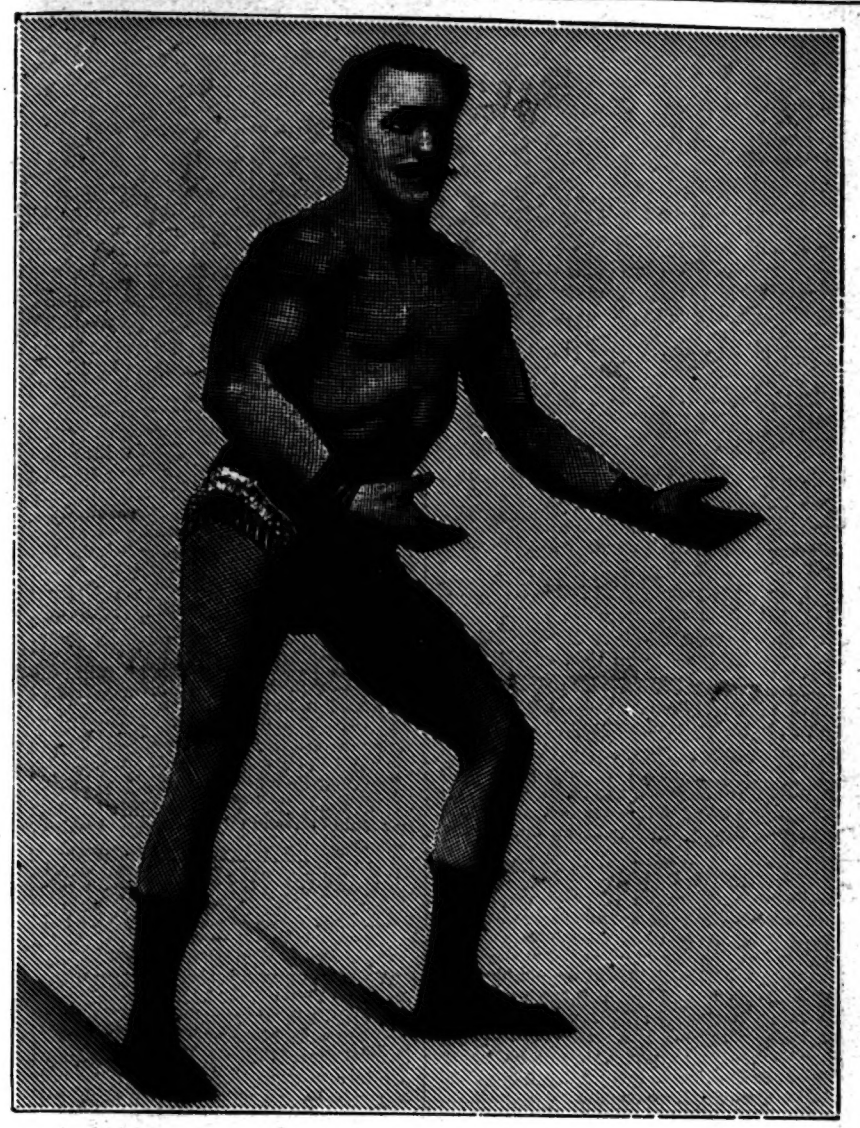
(*Continued on page* 14.)



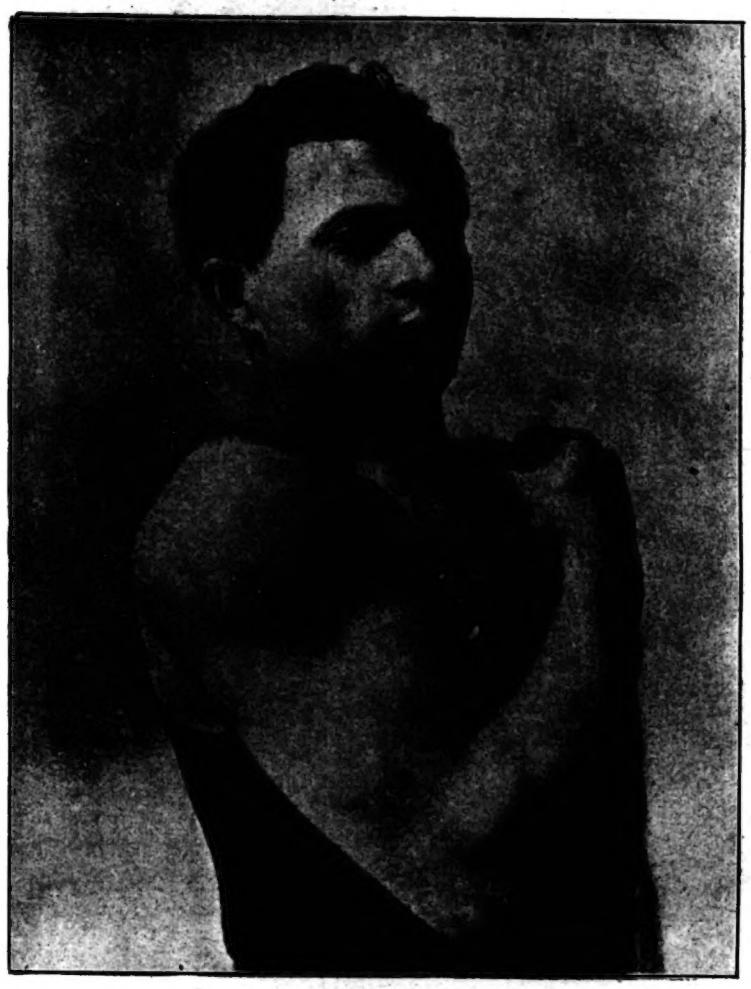
GEORGE PENNY,
A Clever 10st Boxer, who Hails from Kentish Town.

TOOK A BATH IN A WATER CART.
The Adventure Ended in the Lock-up.

TWO LADIES AND THEIR DETRACTOR.
A Pretty Warm Time for a Scandal-monger.



JULES GARNIER,
Champion Wrestler of France.



KING FISHER,
"King of Strong Men," a Mere Lad, Not Out of his Teens, who, Through his Extraordinary Muscularity, has obtained the Sobriquet of "King of Strong Men."

BIG BEN BUTLER WAS ONE TOO MANY FOR THE WHITECAPS.
Their Midnight Visit to the Sturdy Miller Met with Disaster.

(*Continued from Page* 11.)

GLOVE CONTEST AT MERTHYR.

THIRTEEN ROUNDS: BEST CONTEST EVER FOUGHT AT MERTHYR.

THERE WAS AGAIN A TREMENDOUS audience at the Prince of Wales' Circus, Merthyr Tydfil, on Friday night, when a glove contest for a purse of £10 took place between Redmond Colman and Jack Murphy, two of the best known fisters in the Principality. The fight was conducted by Professor Patsy Perkins, of Southampton, under the Marquis of Queensberry's rules. About a month ago a contest for the championship of the district took place at the Circus, when half a dozen men entered, and the final tie came off between Murphy and Colman, the latter being speedily knocked out. Colman is one of those who shun defeat, and the next day expressed his dissatisfaction with the finish, and his desire to have another trial. Hence the present fight. Colman has as good a reputation for fighting as any man in the Principality. He has on many occasions fought in London, and come off victorious, and his record is hard to beat. Murphy is an old hand at the game, and has done a deal of work with the knuckles. He and Colman have had many a battle together, and the former maintains that he is the best man. He knocked out Colman a month ago in the 9st competition, and on another occasion beat him after seven rounds for a purse of £5. He met Connell at Newport, and in a knuckle contest for £5 came off the victor, and boxed "Punchey" Jones at Aberaman. In Wales pugilists fight for "love," if there is no stake, and Murphy has fought many a battle on these lines, both with knuckles and gloves. It was after ten o'clock when the men entered the ring. Professor Perkins was referee, and Albini, one of the circus clowns, timekeeper. Round 1. Both men commenced on the defensive, going round and round the ropes. Colman was very tricky, and kept off the "winders" aimed at his body. Murphy also saved his strength, but was almost knocked down, being unprepared to meet an attack. Round 2. Murphy started strongly, and Colman nearly went over. Some good sparring followed, but not much damage was done. Round 3. Colman hit out pluckily, and both men got in some good "fisters." Though gambling is not allowed at the circus, betting was at this stage 20 to 1 on Colman. Round 4. Colman was knocked over, this being the only exciting incident. Round 5. Both warmed to their work, and began scoring, and bodies began to show "notches." Murphy hit low, but Colman guarded well. Round 6. Murphy again started heavily, but his opponent would not be drawn. The latter, however, lost several good chances, which his backers were not slow to recognise. Round 7. No incident of any note. Round 8. This proved a very exciting round, Murphy being floored. Colman showed fight for the first time, and Murphy had to look about him. Round 9. During this round Colman appeared as fresh as at the start, and planted some good right-handers. Round 10. Both men got in some hard blows, but no sign of blood. Round 11. Colman aggressive and Murphy was nearly knocked over in trying to "plant" his glove on good "soil." Round 12. Colman knocked Murphy about, but the latter saved himself cleverly. At "time" Murphy was panting a good deal. Round 13. A little exciting, but no blood. Prof. Perkins here stepped into the ring, and said that this was truly one of the best glove contests that had ever taken place in Merthyr. Murphy, he announced, had been seized with cramp, and could not come up to time, so that Colman was the victor. We are informed that the result has not given satisfaction to the contestants, and Murphy says that he will meet Colman again, and try his luck.

BOXING AT EASTBOURNE. — A grand assault-at-arms and variety entertainment took place at the Empire Music Hall, Eastbourne, on Wednesday evening last. Tom Causer (9st 8lb champion of England), who is sojourning at the South Coast resort after his long illness, was selected to officiate as referee. There were in addition many prominent sportsmen present, including members of the Sussex and Essex County cricket teams. A capital programme was submitted, and while the variety turns were well received, the performers with the "mittens" evoked considerable enthusiasm. Mr. George White (elocutionist) recited "Kissing Cup" in his own irresistible style, while Ernie Dewey (descriptive vocalist) and Harry Harvey (concertino solo) met with much success. Four Rounds Contest: George Tapp (Horsham) beat Charles Pain (Birmingham).—For two rounds the exchanges were of a keen description, and ended slightly in favour of the former. The next stage saw Tapp add to his lead, and, scoring fast in the closing meeting, he gained a fairly easy victory. Six Rounds Contest: Jack Gilmour, of Norwich, beat Bill Symes, of Hastings.—The last mentioned scored faster in a capital opening round, but by the end of two more meetings Gilmour equalised. From now until the close the Norwich man had a trifle the best of a ding-dong set-to, and in the end gained the award. Three Rounds Bout: Harry Wood (ex-8st champion of Sussex) v. Geo. Newton (7st 4lb champion of Sussex).—This was a very clever set-to, and the last named did well against his heavier opponent. Four Rounds Contest: Harry Flynn, of St. Luke's, v. Jack Abrams, of Bethnal Green.—This bout produced some very heavy and exciting work, both going for all they were worth. So even were the exchanges, that when hostilities concluded the referee declared the set-to a draw, and offered the contending parties a prize to compete for in an eight rounds contest.

GEORGE DIXON DRAWS WITH THE TIPTON SLASHER.

(From Our Own Correspondent at the Ring-Side.)

CHICAGO, JUNE 13.—GEORGE Dixon and Benny Yanger, the "Tipton Slasher," fought a fast six rounds to a draw at Tattersall's, last night. Yanger surprised even his most ardent admirers by his excellent showing, as up to six months ago he was a comparative novice in the ring. He was rather nervous during the first round, and Dixon had a shade the best of it. After that, however, Yanger gained confidence, and in the second round made an even break of it. He had the better of the third round, and landed some telling blows on Dixon's body. The last three rounds were even, first one gaining the advantage and then the other. Paddy Carroll refereed the go, and pleased the 7,000 spectators by declaring it a draw. Tom O'Rourke and Harry Forbes looked after Dixon, and Tommy Ryan and Olco Olsen took care of Yanger. The betting was 5 to 4 that Dixon would win, but very little money was placed at these odds. In the semi-final wind-up Billy Stift, of Chicago, was given the decision at the end of the sixth round over Jack Jeffries, a younger brother of the heavyweight champion. Jeffries was knocked down in the first round, but after that he put up a good fight, landing constantly with his left. The decision was unpopular. The majority of the audience favoured Jeffries. In the preliminaries, Joe Percente, of Chicago, knocked out Con O'Leary, of Milwaukee, in the first part of the second round. Buddy Ryan won the decision over Jack Ryan in six rounds, and Sammy Harris and Henry Lombard fought six fast rounds to a draw. The last round of the Dixon-Yanger fight was very fast. When they came up to the centre Yanger tried with his left and went to clinch. Yanger tried hard for the body, but Dixon was away, and both got in hard lefts. Dixon landed left, but Yanger stepped aside and brought his right to the stomach. Dixon landed his right, and landed a hard swing to the jaw, Yanger's nose was bleeding, while George's mouth was full of blood. Both landed hard lefts to the body, and Yanger missed a right swing for the head by about an inch that would have settled Dixon. Dixon came with a right to the neck, and Yanger forced him to the ropes with a right straight to the body. At the end of the fight they were in a fierce mix-up in the middle of the ring.

JAMES J. JEFFRIES AS AN ACTOR.—James J. Jeffries, champion boxer of the world, is to make his appearance next season as a Thespian. The champion, who is now busy rehearsing, will lend weight to the part of a country sheriff in a new play written especially for him, entitled "A Man from the West." With good judgment the author has drawn the character of a country sheriff as a man of few words and quick action. Jeffries is to make numerous arrests of all sorts of tough law-breakers. They will doubtless recognise at once the force of the man who tells them to "Hold up your hands. You are my prisoner, and a Man from the West has never been known to lose his man." The playwright has introduced one individual in his effort who will have the temerity to defy the sheriff. Ed. Dunkhurst will portray this character, and what Jeffries will do to the "Human Freight Car" to enforce the sheriff's authority will doubtless set the gallery wild, and give the lower part of the house an object lesson as to the efficiency of straight jabs, cross counters, and a well-placed smash on the jaw or the solar plexus.

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SOME CAPITAL PICTURES ARE being shown at the Palace Theatre.

JOE ELVIN IS APPEARING AT THE Paragon with much success in his sketch "To-night's the Night."

A STRONG COMPANY IS APPEARing at the Holloway Empire.

TALMA, THE QUEEN OF COINS, IS paying a welcome return visit to the Oxford.

THE ALHAMBRA MANAGEMENT have added Nelson Hardy, the ventriloquist, to their already strong programme.

"THE LAST DREAD PENALTY" IS the alluring title of a sketch which is making the patrons of the Middlesex sit up. A strong variety bill is on tap, embracing Chinko, Tom Costello, Verno and Voyce, &c.

AT THE QUEEN'S, POPLAR, FRED Williams's Burlesque Sketch Company in "Blue Beard," with Fred as Sister Antique, provide a merry turn. Professor Burko, the celebrated conjurer, registers his first appearance here, as does also Phillips and Terry, who are producing their successful sketch "A Wonderful Invention." Miss Ethel Dove, the Kimberley Boys, Miss Lottie Walton, appropriately described as Nature's Beauty, and many other first-rate turns are on the programme.

"A LITTLE RAY OF SUNSHINE" appears to have settled down for a long run in its new home at the Great Queen Street Theatre. Splendidly staged and sympathetically acted, the play proves very acceptable. It is doubtful whether Penley has been fitted so well with a part as he is with that of Lord Markham, the kind-hearted, eccentric old gentleman, whose aim is to be "a little ray of sunshine," but being mistaken is always being hustled out. His performance accentuates the fact that he can soar higher than comedy; his versatility is wonderful, and he is true to life in whatever character he essays. He receives splendid support from J. Sebastian Smith, Miss Gertrude Scott, Miss Daubeney, and others.

EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION.—Very delightful are the ladies of the Empress Theatre at Earl's Court. Here we have a true representation of the village maiden, and the peasants, and the society ladies. It is a grand show that Mr. Imre Kiralfy has provided this season, and Mr. Imre has certainly surpassed himself. The London and provincial public are not slow in evincing their appreciation of the fare so beneficently spread before them. The pretty little Japanese in their quaint "Kimonas" are quite at home; the charming women of Austria, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark are seen at work; the snow-capped Alps for the girls from Switzerland; fair Americans are shown in a characteristic scene representing a distant view of New York and Brooklyn; the next moment we hear the sweet singing of the Irish "colleen," and then the Scotch lasses appear from the Scottish Highlands. The impressive scenes of Germany, Italy, and of Russia can all be seen for the charge of "only a shilling." Why spend money and time in travelling?

AT COLLINS'S THE PROGRAMME and the drinks may safely be sampled; they are both excellent. Sweet-voiced Miss Amy Russell was warbling "Good Night" when I entered quite early in the evening; the Brothers Passmore immediately afterwards "took the flure," and amused the audience with their nonsensical absurdities. Harry Champion with "Hanging Them Out to Dry" and other songs was successful, Miss Rosa Glenn gained applause for her post horn and cornet solos, Herbert Campbell was greeted with rapturous shouts, and Griffin and Dubois proved themselves a couple of smart acrobats. The Leonards are always successful in song and dance, and their turn pleases everybody. R. G. Knowles got some up to date patter off his chest, and bonnie Miss Bessie Wentworth sang and danced with her usual charm, and on the night of my visit indulged in playful badinage with the gallery boys, to the delight of a crowded house. Some capital war pictures and a well-acted sketch entitled "Meg," introducing clever little Florrie Groves, complete a programme which Mr. Digby Roberts keeps going at an enjoyable pace.

DAVE.

GEORGE PENNY.

A Clever 10st Boxer who Hails from Kentish Town.

(With Portrait.)

His record is as follows:- Beat Frank Lloyd, of Bethnal Green, in 2rds; Bill Harding, of Highgate, in 5rds; Jack Morris, of Islington, 6rds; won heavy-weight competition at the National Sporting Club, beating Jack Hendrick, Bill Hoveron, and Bill Dorling in the final; met Dorling again and defeated him in 7rds; beat Dave Barry, of America, in 8rds; beat Bob Barr, of Canning Town, in 5rds; beat Jem Wallace, of Stepney, in 6rds; beat Alf Davey, of Holloway, in 2rds; beat Harry Berry, of Stepney, in 4rds; met Tom Woodley, of Fulham, at the National Sporting Club on May 21, and was defeated in 10rds.

KING FISHER, "KING OF STRONG MEN."

A Mere Lad, Not Out of His Teens, who, Through His Extraordinary Muscularity, Has Obtained the Sobriquet of "King of Strong Men."

(With Portrait.)

KING FISHER was born in Russia, but came to this country when quite young. Although only nineteen years of age, his chest expanded is 53in, waist 32in, muscle of arm 18in. King Fisher, the King of Strong Men, not only lifts 80lb weights with his little fingers, but his other feats of strength are equally marvellous, and his final show of a board on his chest with a piano on it and an attendant playing, with an upstanding body of three sailors and two soldiers, should be seen by all to be believed.

OVERCROWDED TRAM CARS.

The Lady who always expects a Seat.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A "TUPPENNY" ride on a tram car down to Victoria Park for a day's outing, or better still, "'Appy 'Amstead," where the cockney with his donah loves to roam at holiday time, is all right, providing you can obtain a seat on the top, which nowadays is generally seized by all the old ladies in the parish, and regular business riders are compelled to ride inside besides being encumbered with a few extra passengers hanging on to the straps, who sway and twist with every motion of the vehicle, and the well-dressed female who glares at the unfortunate man who declines to offer his seat.

JULES GARNIER.

Champion Wrestler of France.

(With Portrait.)

JULES GARNIER, the champion wrestler of France, has appeared in some of the London music-halls in conjunction with "Little Fred" the "Strong Boy," whose biography appeared some time ago in this paper. Garnier is a sailor by profession, and is remarkable for the muscular development of his arms; but they are abnormally short—so short, indeed, that it is amazing how Garnier effects his purpose and brings his man to the ground. Besides being a crack wrestler, Garnier is a living study in black and white, for he is tattooed all over the body.

CAPTURE OF JEM HOLLOWAY.

Pugilist and Adjutant in the Boer Army.

(With Portrait.)

THE well-known pugilist, Jem Holloway, who has been fighting for the Boers and who is said to have blown up Fourteen Streams Bridge, has been captured with a party of Boers in the Western Transvaal. He maintains that he is a burgher. Holloway served as an adjutant in the Boer army. He was in England in March, 1899, when he was matched against Jem Curran at the National Sporting Club, and easily defeated him March 13, 1899, in 13rds

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One to three bottles will cure all humours in the eyes.
Three to five bottles will cure salt-rheum.
Six bottles will cure the worst cases of dropsy.
Three to six bottles will cure dyspepsia in its worst state.
Five to seven bottles will cure that dreadful disease, scrofula.
Three to four bottles will cleanse your system of boils.
Three to four bottles have cured the worst cases of erysipelas.
One bottle will cure nursing sore mouth.
Three to six bottles will literally dig up and drive from your blood all hidden humour.
One to three bottles will regulate the bowels.
One bottle will remove webs and dots before the eyes, and cure dizziness, &c.
Three or four bottles will cure the worst cases of piles.
Ten to twelve bottles will cure the very worst cases of scaly eruptions known.
One bottle will cure wakefulness and lack of energy.
Four to five bottles will cure liver complaint.
One bottle will give you a hearty appetite and increased digestion.
A benefit is always seen from the first bottle, and a cure is certain where the directions are followed.
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